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THE GEOGRAPHIC

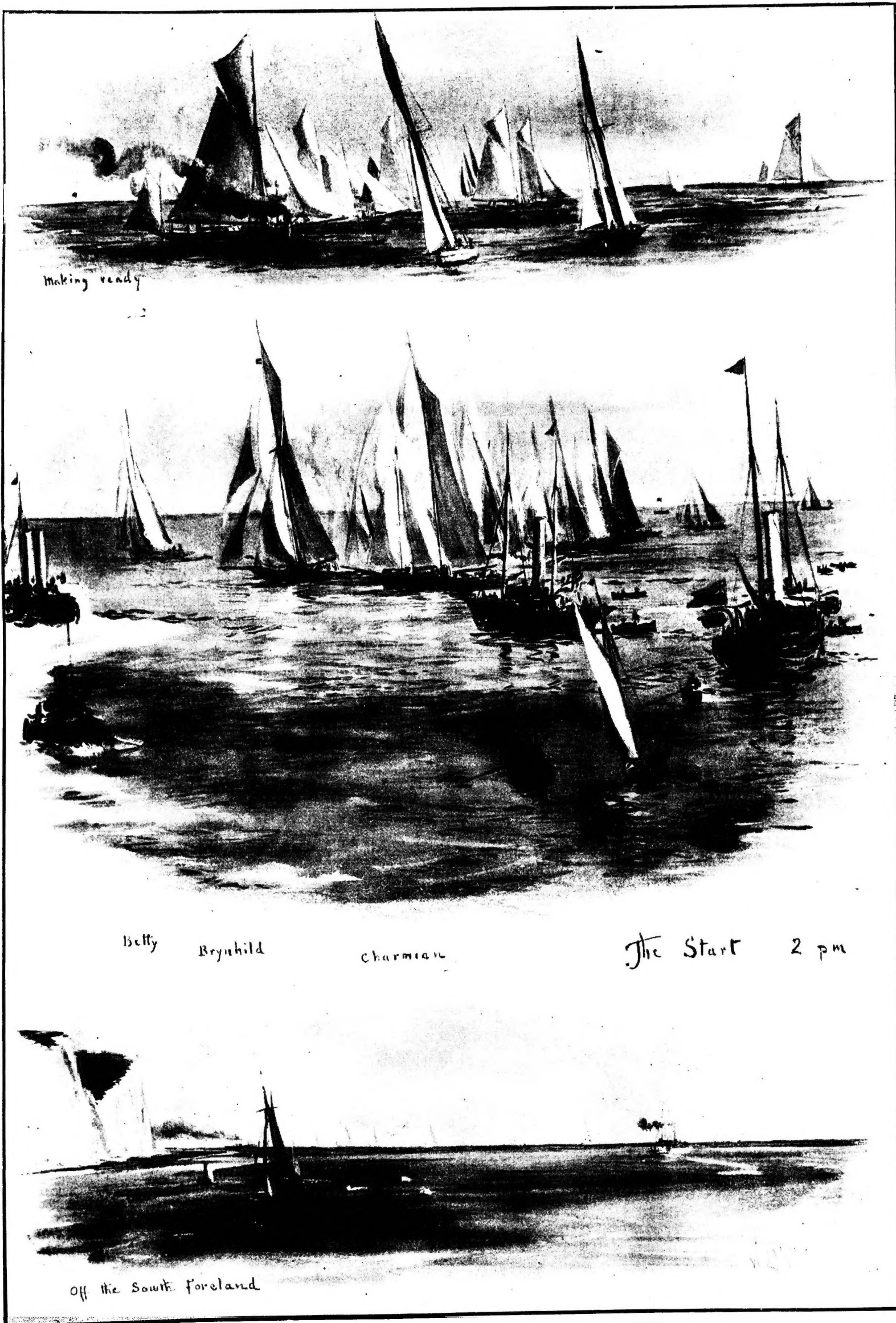
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SCENES OFF DOVER ON MONDAY, WHERE THE YACHTS ASSEMBLED TO START
THE RACE TO HELIGOLAND FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

Topics of the Week

President Kruger's Minimum REGARDLESS of the fact that the Boer franchise scheme disclosed at the Bloemfontein Conference is quite unacceptable to the Uitlanders and Her Majesty's Government, President Kruger has embodied it in a Bill which the members of the Raad are now engaged in submitting to the burghers. The Bill is, in some respects, a welcome departure from the original scheme presented by the President to Sir Alfred Milner. It removes some of the chief impediments to the attainment of the modified franchise which the President expressed himself ready to concede. The deletion of the clause providing for a two-thirds majority of local burghers in favour of each individual naturalisation is very important, for while this clause remained in the Bill the rest of its provisions were quite illusory. Not less important is the abandonment of the condition that this country should agree to arbitration on all differences between itself and the South African Republic. This condition was impossible of fulfilment, and thus condemned the whole measure at its inception. The proposals that the ex-Reformers of 1896 shall not be excluded from the benefits of the Bill, that the income qualification shall be reduced, and that a larger Parliamentary representation shall be accorded the Goldfields, are further moves in the right direction. It is unfortunate, however, that with all these concessions the vital defect of the Bill remains untouched. It is useless to open the door at one end of a vestibule while the other end remains closely barred. If the road to the privileges offered by the Bill is opened widely the privileges remain none the less locked up, since they are still encompassed by conditions which render access to them difficult and the effort to reach them intensely disagreeable. The object which the British Government has in view is to secure a fair franchise law, which takes account of past residence and will not inflict any fresh disability. It is in these respects that President Kruger's Bill fails. It admits no one not already naturalised to the franchise for three and a half years, and it condemns the majority to wait eight and a half years. Moreover, during five years of this latter period applicants for the franchise will be neither burghers nor aliens, will have no voice in the Government of the Republic, and no claim to the protection of their former countries. Under these circumstances, the Bill is not calculated either to meet the needs of the Uitlanders or to attain the ends which this country has in view. In submitting it to the burghers and obtaining their approval for it, President Kruger has acted with less than his usual astuteness. He must know that it will solve nothing, and that if he really wishes to preserve the peace it would have been just as easy for him to obtain the consent of the burghers to a larger and more effective measure. If later on he has to face them again with a new measure he will have greater difficulties to contend against than he has at present, for the burghers will very reasonably suspect that in abandoning what he now describes as his minimum he will be sacrificing the predominance of the Boers in the Republic. It was all the easier for him to satisfy in his present Bill the minimum laid down by Sir Alfred Milner, since there is nothing more indisputable than that this minimum effectually guards against the swamping of the old burghers by the new.

It is unfortunate that the arrival of Captain Dreyfus should synchronise with another French Ministerial interregnum. Many more or less difficult arrangements will have to be made to insure the late prisoner at Devil's Island a fair trial. No one doubts, of course, that whatever Government may be in power every endeavour will be made to secure justice. But there are some signs already of a disposition to introduce other evidence than that on which Captain Dreyfus was previously tried and convicted. If that be permitted the re-trial may be prolonged almost endlessly. What the world, both inside and outside France, desires is to have it once for all determined by an impartial court whether the unfortunate officer was rightly or wrongly convicted in the first instance. Certain testimony was then produced, and on it alone the prisoner was found guilty. It would be manifestly unfair, then, to allow the prosecution to strengthen those parts of its case which have been proved rotten by substituting fresh evidence of more trustworthy character. General Mercier considers it impossible for the new court-martial to arrive at a just decision "without hearing all the witnesses whose testimony is essential." But who is to judge on that point? If the duty devolved on General Mercier and his colleagues, there can be little doubt that the large majority of these "essential witnesses" would enter the court with their minds strongly biased against the accused.

Natural though it was for some alarm to be felt in Europe when the plague reached Egypt, it has become very manifest that the scourge must be of a singularly mild type. Even when helped by the insanitation of uncleanly Alexandria, it has only carried off eleven human beings in nearly two months. Any ordinary visitation of, say, influenza would commit far more havoc in the same time, and would, too, have spread throughout the length and

breadth of the land, instead of being confined to a single big city. It is satisfactory to know, all the same, that our home medical and sanitary authorities have everything in readiness to crush the plague, should it come here, on the instant. These preparations began, we believe, even before it reached Nileland, and the organisation of preventive measures is now so complete that the disease could not possibly secure a firm footing in England. All misgiving on that point may, therefore, be finally dismissed as groundless, and English folks can go about either their business or their pleasure without the slightest apprehension of coming face to face with that terror of the middle ages, the "Black Death."

The Court

OUR QUEEN has now entered on the sixty-third year of her reign, for Tuesday in this week was Accession Day—the anniversary of her Succession to the Throne on June 20, 1837. Though not officially honoured like Her Majesty's birthday, the anniversary brings many warm congratulations from the Queen's family and people. Her Majesty has now bid good-bye to Balmoral until the autumn, being expected at Windsor yesterday (Friday) morning. Up to the last days of the Royal stay the weather continued beautifully fine in the Highlands, enabling Her Majesty to enjoy several long excursions. The Glassalt Shiel is always a favourite drive, so the Queen took Princess Clémentine of Belgium to the cottage in its picturesque surroundings, while another afternoon was spent at the Linn of Muick. The Queen will be at Windsor about a month before moving to Osborne, and will entertain a constant succession of visitors. Her first function on coming south is the Aldershot Review on Monday next, when 17,000 troops parade before Her Majesty.

Fresh from his brief stay in the country for Ascot the Prince was back in town again by Saturday night to preside at the annual dinner of the Gordon Highlanders. Sunday was spent with Lord and Lady Alington at Down Place, near Windsor, a house full of many literary memories as once the meeting-place of the Kitcat Club. A trip up the river to Clevedon in an electric launch was much enjoyed, and the well-known Boulter's Lock was crowded to see the Prince pass through in the afternoon. The last Levée of the season was held by the Prince on Monday at St. James's Palace, and in the evening he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paget, while next day he went down to Maidstone to visit the Royal Agricultural Show. Just 100 years ago George III. reviewed the Kentish Volunteers in the same Mote Park where the show is now being held, and a copy of the triumphal arch through which he passed was erected for the Prince of Wales, his great-grandson, to come under on his way to the show ground. Maidstone was a blaze of decorations, the town keeping holiday to greet the Royal visitor. The Princess returned to town on Tuesday. When the Princess goes abroad next month she intends to visit Baireuth for the first Wagnerian cycle, as she did last summer. The visit is to be strictly private, the Princess travelling as Baroness Renfrew. The Prince will then be at Cowes for the yachting.

Commemoration at Oxford has been extra gay through the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. They stayed with the Dean and Mrs. Paget at Christ Church, and received a most hearty welcome, the streets being crowded. At Christ Church they were greeted by a guard of honour of the University Volunteers—Oxfordshire Light Infantry—drawn up in the Quadrangle—the first military party to pass the gate since Cromwell's time. A grand banquet was given in their honour, and afterwards the Duke and Duchess were at the College Ball. This being their first visit to Oxford, the Duke and Duchess had plenty to see on Tuesday when they were shown round the colleges. They left on Wednesday.

Royal tradition always makes the direct heirs to the Throne soldiers, and it is already announced that little Prince Edward of York is to go into the army. If the rule of our Royal House is still followed in the Duke of York's family, the second boy, Prince Albert, should be a sailor, but as he is only three years old his career may not be settled. Prince Edward, however, reached the mature age of five yesterday (Friday), and his future regiment has even been chosen—the 10th Hussars.

One more Royal anniversary this week—that of the Duke of Connaught's first commission thirty-one years ago. He has had a variety of experience in his military career, having been in the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, the 7th Hussars, and the Rifle Brigade. The Duke has seen active service in Egypt, has held commands in India and at Aldershot, and is most genuinely popular in the Army both for his keen soldierly qualities and for his devotion to his men's interests.

Royal weddings generally make a great stir, but very little was known by the general public of the marriage celebrated at Kew this week. Yet the bride, Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is very nearly allied to our Royal House, being descended from George III. and a niece of the Duke of Cambridge. Princess Marie, too, is a familiar figure in London Society, being brought over here repeatedly with her sister, Princess Jutta, by her grandmother, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—née Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Indeed, Princess Marie has been staying in England for several weeks past, and most of the *trousseau* has been made here. The Princess is the eldest child of the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and has a younger sister, Princess Jutta, and two brothers, Princes Frederick and Charles. There being little difference in their ages, Princess Marie is twenty-one and Princess Jutta nineteen, the sisters have always been devoted companions, and their weddings will only be separated by a few weeks. However, Princess Marie weds a simple nobleman, Count Charles Francey von Jamatel, while her sister marries the Crown Prince of Montenegro. Princess Marie's wedding is a very quiet family affair, taking place at Kew Church, where so many of the Cambridge family have worshipped.

Emperor William of Germany never forgets when Waterloo Day comes round how English and Germans fought side by side in that great battle. Since he has been Honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Royal Dragoons, His Majesty sends year by year a splendid memorial wreath to be attached to the colours of the regiment on Waterloo Day. This year the presentation was made with great

ceremony and no little speechifying, the regiment being drawn up in parade at Hounslow barracks to receive the wreath from Baron von Lüttwitz, Military Attaché to the German Embassy, who represented the Emperor.

In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

At the Reform Club meeting, where he had pressed upon him the Leadership of the Liberal Party, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in accepting the crown of thorns, ventured to stipulate that at least some show of discipline should be maintained in face of the enemy. Whilst admitting the intelligence and political acumen of various sections of the Party, he pointed out that on minor matters of management the Leader really should be followed. In what stony place this seed of counsel has fallen painfully appeared on Monday night. The occasion was taken by the Leader of the House to move the appropriation for Government business of Tuesdays and Wednesdays. As in his response the Leader of the Opposition admitted, the course is quite usual at this period of the Session. It is commonly agreed that certain Government measures must be passed, that private members' bills awaiting progress in the middle of June have not the slightest chance of being added to the Statute Book, and that to avoid wilful waste of time the Government should have the whole remaining days of the Session allotted to them.

The Leader of the House having in particularly formal manner addressed members on this theme, the Leader of the Opposition takes his turn, presumably and avowedly as the exponent of the views of his party. If he thinks the request is unreasonable, he shows cause, and challenges a division. If it seems reasonable, even necessary, he more or less heartily assents, but distinctly declines to waste time by taking a division. That was the common-sense course characteristically adopted by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He offered effective criticism of the Ministerial programme, but agreed in the reasonableness of the demand for time. There, it would seem, was the conclusion of the matter. The Opposition would not waste their strength and display the pettishness of their temper by dividing on the motion to take Tuesdays and Wednesdays, reserving themselves for action at a later and more appropriate period. On the contrary, when the question was put, there was a cry of "No" from below the Gangway, and when the division was called, not less than 119 good Liberals went out to vote, not, notably, against a Government motion, that is a matter of course, but against their own Leader.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman is a man of sweetly equable temper. For the few months he served as Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, the Irish members, then still united under the Leadership of Mr. Parnell, tilted in vain against his smiling imperturbability. But there are limits to human endurance. If there had been any principle at issue much might be forgiven to the implacability of the Liberal conscience. Here was a trivial matter, purely one of procedure. The wanton disregard of the Leader's counsel, the open revolt against his authority, amounted to a public insult that makes the situation a little strained.

The list of Bills the First Lord of the Treasury announced intention of proceeding with justifies his disclaimer of possibility of the prorogation taking place at an unusually early date. Lord Salisbury, not an authority on detail, stumbled upon a more accurate forecast when he spoke of the Session running yet another two months, thus bringing it into the third week of August. One single item in the programme may be counted on with confidence to keep the House sitting through many nights. Running through the list of new Bills the Government intend to introduce and pass, Mr. Balfour, almost accidentally, named the Clerical Tithe Bill. It was not a Clerical Tithe Bill, something new naturally requiring introduction and recommendation, but *the* Clerical Tithe Bill, an old familiar friend the House had known intimately throughout the Session, and would be glad to welcome at closer quarters.

That was a pretty device, but it did not take in a watchful and jealous Opposition. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, whilst amenable to proposals for the better arrangement of business, bristled with indignation at the prospect of extending the charitable tendencies of the Government, indulged in at the expense of the taxpayer, for the benefit of the tithe-paying clergy. His protest was approved by ominous cheering from the Opposition side. Later Mr. Labouchere, who has been quiescent of late, jumped up and proclaimed a campaign of obstruction. Based on the operations of the Irish party in the palmy days of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar obstruction will not await the appearance in the field of that particular Bill against which it is directed. Something like a dozen Bills Mr. Balfour mentioned as being desirable to add to the Statute Book this Session. Some are of a non-controversial character, others are admittedly sound pieces of legislation. All the same they will be severely debated at prodigious length, with the avowed object of leaving no time to carry the Clerical Tithe Bill.

Meanwhile throughout the week the Government have been pegging away at the Scotch Private Legislation Bill, the Telephones Bill and Supply. The Scotch Bill continued to the end to realise the dream of a Home Rule Parliament. It is true there was one not unimportant variation. Whilst discussion of this erudite and intricate measure was, with the exception of the intervention of Mr. Cripps, almost exclusively left to the Scotch members, when the division bell rang, English, Welsh and Irish trooped in, automatically ranging themselves on party lines. The Home Rule principle was, on the other hand, carried out to the extent that, before the Bill was submitted to this ordeal, the Lord Advocate summoned a conference of Scotch members. They privately discussed the measure, and arrived at a broad basis of agreement which, whilst failing in the expectation of carrying the measure through Committee on Monday, achieved that happy result in the early hours of Tuesday's sitting, leaving time for the second reading of the Telephones Bill to be moved.

About this time of the Session, as usual, the House of Lords begins to be busy. They have taken up the London Government Bill, passing the second reading of that momentous measure in a sitting that fell considerably short of three hours in duration. On Monday they will go into Committee, and are not likely to make more than one night of it. Interest centres upon the prospect of dealing with the provision, introduced at the instance of Mr. Courtney, whereby women are eligible for election not only as councillors but as aldermen. There will be some curious cross voting, the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor being in favour of the proviso, whilst the Chancellor of the Duchy and other Ministers are dead against it.

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THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER.

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From the Painting by F. D. MILLET in the Tate Gallery,
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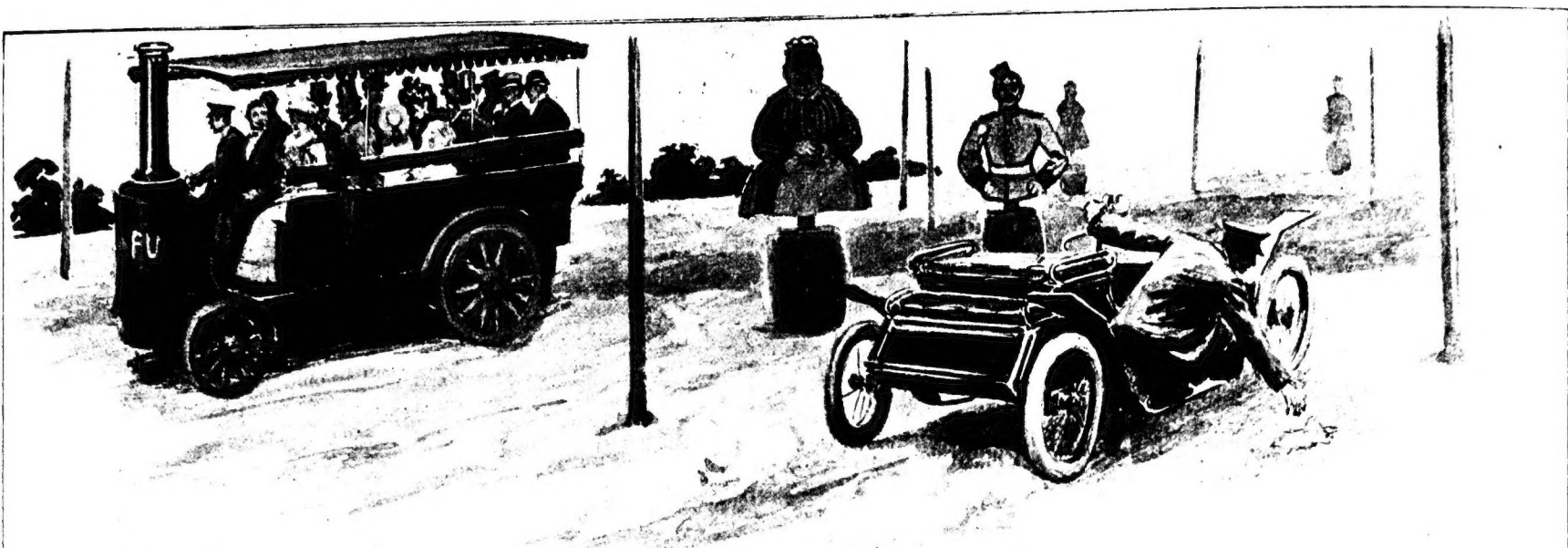
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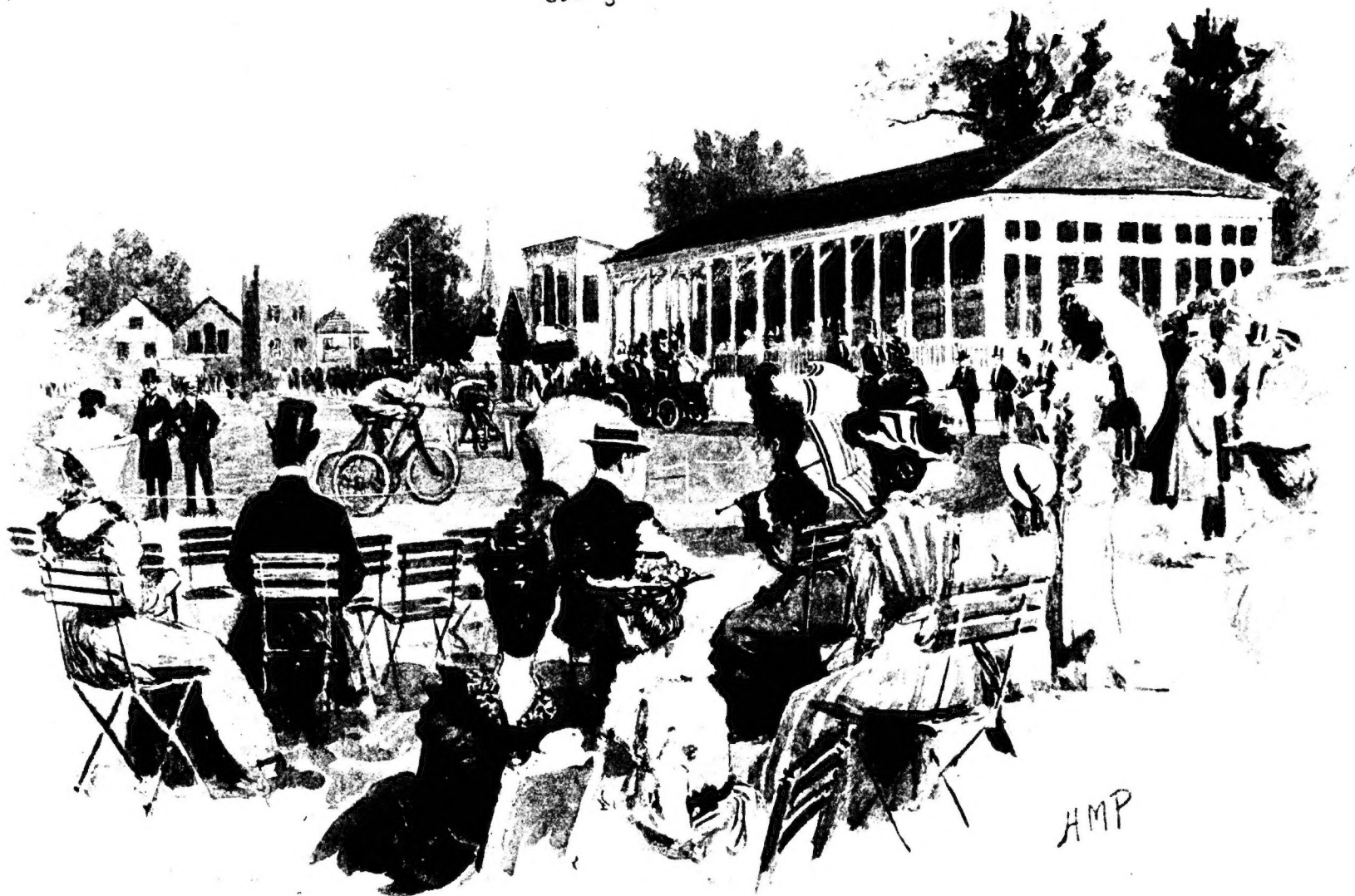
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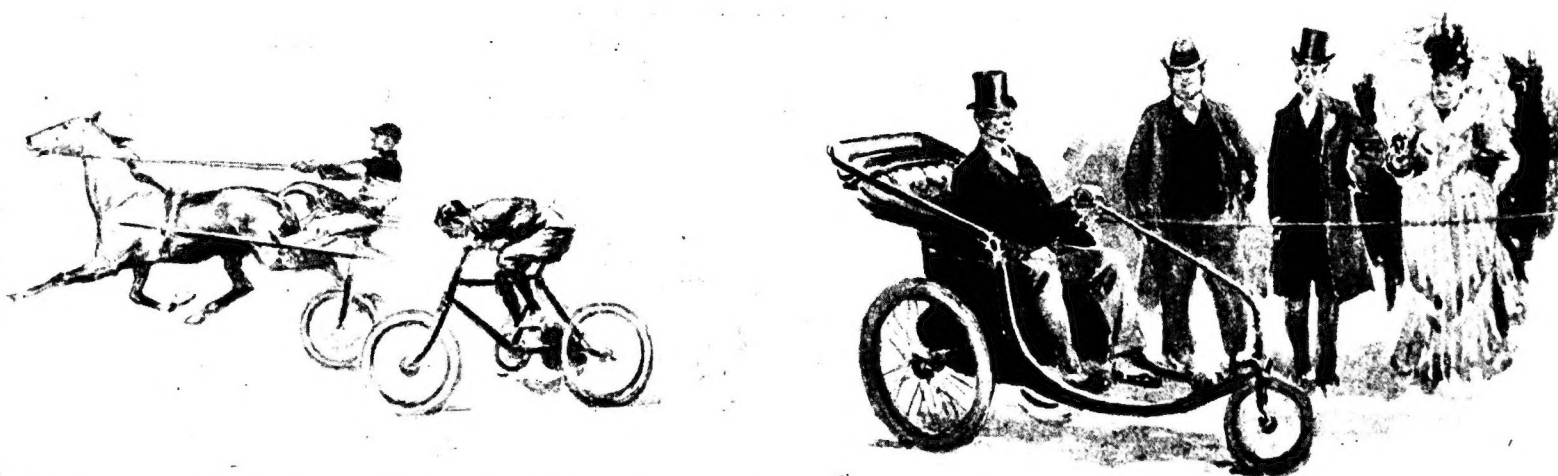
A weight carrier

Steering through obstacles



HMP

On the Lawn



Last Saturday Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, who was accompanied by the Princess, opened an exhibition of "motor" vehicles in the Old Deer Park, Richmond, organised by the Automobile Club. All sorts and sizes of automotor vehicles were shown, and a variety of them were to be seen running—tricycle, bath chairs, carriages of all kinds, and wagons meant to carry six tons, vying with each other for popularity.

SKETCHES AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW IN THE OLD DEER PARK, RICHMOND

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



A large gathering of Hindus assembled round the statue of the Queen at Bombay on Her Majesty's birthday, when patriotic speeches were made. At the conclusion of the speeches the National Anthem was sung and loud cheers were given for the Queen. The statue was garlanded, and flowers were showered upon it. Our illustration is from a photograph by Raja Deen Dayal and Sons

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN INDIA: A HINDU CELEBRATION AT BOMBAY



The *fetes* in Paris which were held last week concluded on Saturday with a grand historical procession representing the trades and guilds of Paris at the time of Etienne Marcel, which traversed the boulevards and the other principal streets. The procession was divided into six groups, and the third, in which the students were included, was given up to "Folly." "This group," our artist writes, "had evidently been instructed to

be just as funny as it felt inclined, and was allowed a free run of the thoroughfares. An unfortunate cab with an elderly gentleman in it somehow or other got on the route of the procession, and came in for some joking from the "fools."

THE PARIS FETES: THE "FOOLS" AND STUDENTS IN THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEVER

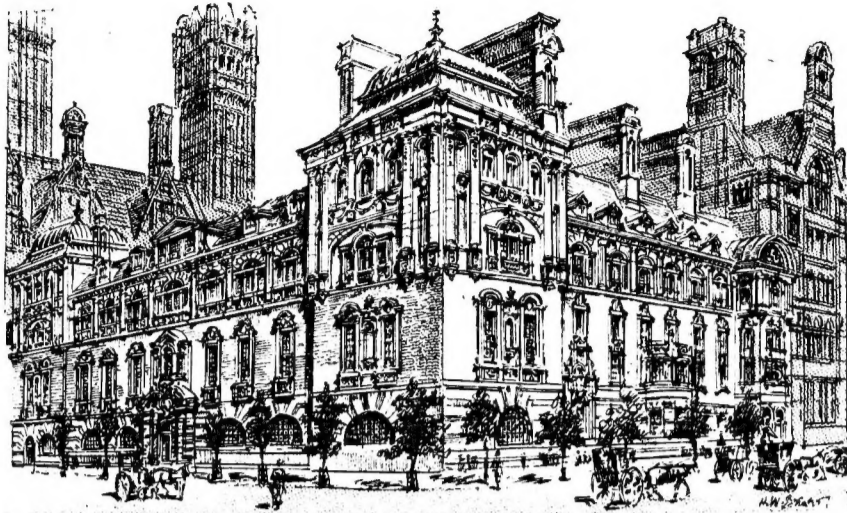
The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"CARLYON SAHIB"

REGARDED as a skit upon the modern school of dismal dramatists there might be something to say for the new and original drama in four acts, brought out at the KENNINGTON Theatre on Monday evening. As no satirical purpose, however, was to be traced, either in its strange story or in the author's mode of presenting it, I am bound to assume that Professor Gilbert Murray has written and Mrs. Patrick Campbell has produced *Carlyon Sahib* in perfect good faith. Tumours on the brain and obscure diseases of the optic nerve are topics that occupy a prominent place in nearly every scene of Mr. Murray's strange play, but they are not exactly its leading theme. That is furnished by the extraordinary character and still more extraordinary antecedents of "the Right Honourable Sir David Carlyon, some time Commissioner of Rajpoot and formerly Political Agent in Bhojal." This highly distinguished but somewhat too vigorous administrator appears to hold the view that, with persons of his exalted station, the end in all cases justifies the means. "Men of my stamp," said the Emperor Napoleon in one of his recorded conversations, "do not commit crimes"—by which he was understood to mean that when he chose to commit crimes it was his privilege to have them called by some more euphonious name. Sir David appears to be decidedly of the same opinion. He has killed his illegitimate child, much to the annoyance of its mother, "Elizabeth," who in default of a surname is described as "a friend acting as housekeeper to the Carlyons;" but this is a mere trifling episode in his career of wickedness, which as it exercises no influence whatever upon the current of the story may be at once dismissed. What really causes this retired Commissioner and Political Agent uneasiness is the circumstance that some time previously when, for high reasons of State, he had judged it expedient to drive the people of Bhojal to revolt, he had deliberately poisoned their wells with some infernal mixture calculated to promote the spread of cholera. "I knew," he says, "there was cholera in the district, and I utilised my infectious cases." Even now he is not remorseful, but rather proud it would seem of this grotesque atrocity since he coolly informs his daughter of the circumstances. What disturbs his peace is the fact that his beautiful and only daughter, Vera, has an admirer named Adene, who is an enthusiast for justice to native races, and happens to be then going out to Bhojal to make general inquiries into affairs in that part. How to frustrate this purpose is the question. A ray of hope is found in the fact that Vera, who is a medical student, has discovered that her lover, though unconscious of the fact, is suffering from the strange diseases already referred to, and Sir Carlyon prevails on his daughter, over whom he exercises great influence, to go out to India and inform Adene of his condition—Sir Carlyon having heard that to tell a patient of this sort what he is suffering from is certain to bring about a fatal result. In the last act—which takes us for the first time from England to a bungalow in the Ghautgherry hills, the imbrolio is brought to a very simple conclusion. Sir David is stabbed with a poisoned dagger by a native presumptively desirous of wiping off that old score of the poisoned wells, and Vera is enabled to restore her lover to health, thanks to the wonderful skill of her friend and medical instructor Dr. Reinhardt. It will be easily understood that not even the great gifts of Mrs. Patrick Campbell could impart an air of reality to the character and surroundings of Vera; while Mr. Nutcombe Gould's well-bred grace and dignity of manner certainly did little to suggest that incredible monster, Sir David. The best character sketches in the play were Mr. Albert Gran's Reinhardt, the benevolent and learned doctor, and Mr. Bromley Davenport's pompous and shallow *savant*, Steinmetz.

After the conclusion of her engagement at the ADELPHI, Madame Sarah Bernhardt will make a little tour of the suburbs of London. On Monday she will make two appearances at the GRAND Theatre, Islington—in the afternoon in *La Dame aux Camélias*, and in the evening in *Hamlet*. On the following afternoon she will play in *La Tosca* at Fulham, and on Wednesday afternoon will repeat her performance in that play at the CROYDON Theatre. A still more interesting episode of her present visit to this country will be her performance in *Hamlet* at the MEMORIAL Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, which will take place on the 29th inst. An additional interest will be imparted to the event by the presence of M. Claretie, well known to be an enthusiastic admirer of our great national poet, who must now be confessed to be amply avenged for the insults heaped upon his memory by Voltaire. On the other hand, the Committee of the THÉÂTRE



The foundation-stone of these buildings, which are to form an addition to the Royal School of Needlework at South Kensington, was to be laid by the Prince of Wales on Friday

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK
DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

FRANCAIS have just rejected a version of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, prepared by Messrs. Armand Silvestre and George Bois. The authors will probably follow the tradition in such cases and bring out their translation at the ODÉON, which glories in the title of "le second Théâtre Français."

M. Jules Claretie has also undertaken to deliver a lecture on Shakespeare and Molière, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 10th of July, at the LYCEUM Theatre, which has been courteously placed at his disposal by Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum Directors for that purpose. No similar event will have taken place in London since that distinguished critic, the late Mr. Francisque Sarcey, lectured on Molière from the stage of the Gaiety, during the visit of the company of the COMEDIE FRANCAISE to London, just twenty years ago. It is to be hoped that M. Claretie will be more successful than his predecessor; for, owing partly to the warm weather and partly to the fact that M. Sarcey was then but little known in this country, his audiences, though doubtless "fit," were unquestionably few.

M. Coquelin's season at the ADELPHI will commence on Monday next, when this famous comedian will make his appearance once more in his original part in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. There will be a special Molière matinée on Wednesday next, when *Tartuffe* and *Les Precieuses Ridicules* will be given. On the afternoon of July 5 M. Coquelin will give a performance of that charming comedy *Mlle. de Seiglière*, in which he will presumptively repeat his fine impersonation of the old steward.

Most of the New York theatres had at the date of the last advices dropped their curtains for good, or at least till the break-up of the hot weather. On the other hand, many of them had opened their "roof gardens," where dramatic entertainments are presented under conditions of which the jaded London playgoer would be only too happy to avail himself. What would he say just now to such an announcement as the following, which we find among others of the kind in Mr. Stephen Fiske's always sprightly and well-informed theatrical notes in the latest number to hand of the New York *Spirit of the Times*:—"Resident Manager Kingsbury, of the

American Theatre, will begin a roof garden season of polite vaudeville, on July 1. The roof will be decorated with flowers, vines, and growing plants; Maurice Levy will conduct an orchestra of soloists, and the admission will be only twenty-five cents, (about one shilling), with private boxes that may be reserved.

Dictionaries throw no light upon the meaning of *The Weatherhen*, but doubtless the mystery will be cleared up when Miss Madge McIntosh produces her new piece with this title on Thursday afternoon next at TERRY'S Theatre. Besides Miss McIntosh, the cast will include Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. Fred Thorne, Mr. A. B. Tapping, and other performers of credit and renown. The authors are Messrs. Berte Thomas and Granville Barker.

Who now cares to remember Mr. Planché's sneer at the music halls, whose entertainments were stigmatised by that monarch of the realm of refined extravaganzas as "Most music hall most melancholy." It is true that these institutions now call themselves "variety theatres," but it is equally true that under their new description they are very popular, and that a regular interchange of talent is going on between them and the theatres properly so called.

The net profits of one popular music hall are said to have risen during the last few years from 4,000*l.* to 14,000*l.* per annum.

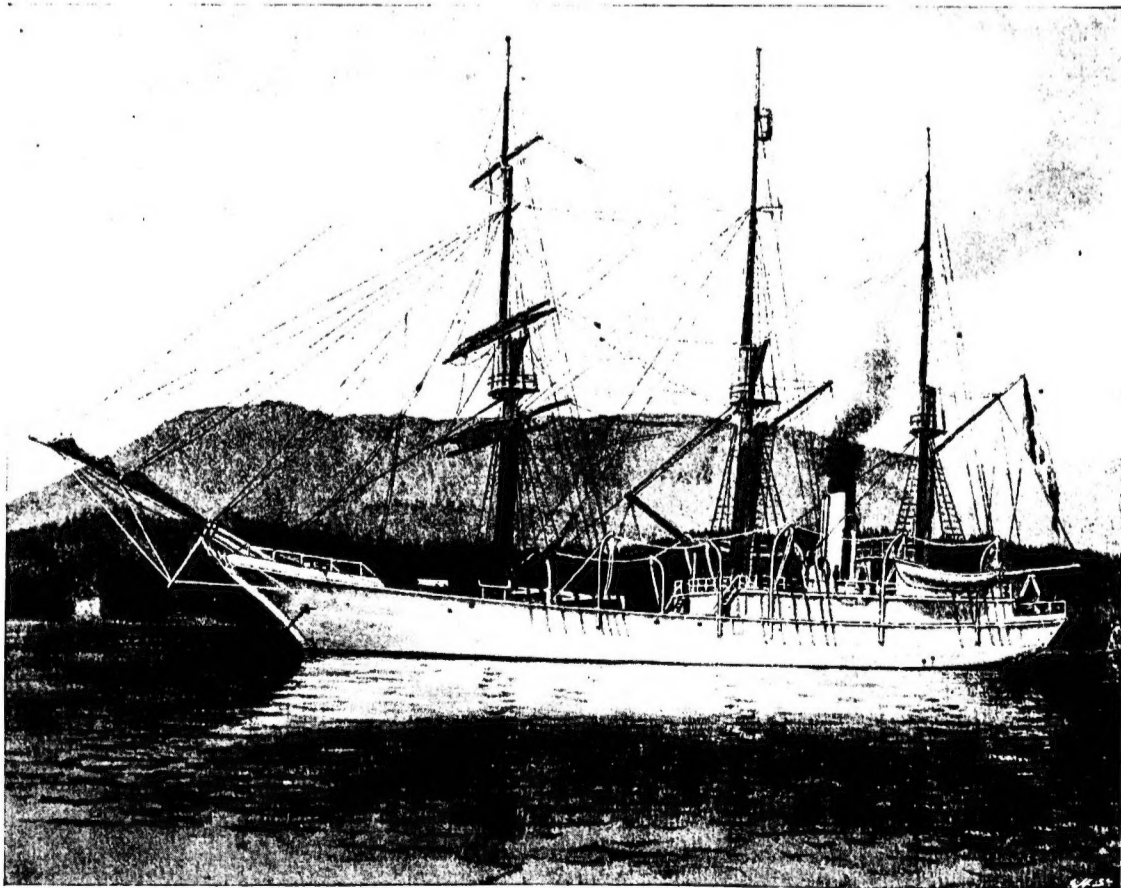
When the autumn season commences the vestibule and lobbies of DRURY LANE Theatre will be found to be converted into picture galleries. It has occurred to Mr. Arthur Collins that visitors to the great Temple of romantic drama would like to form their own opinions of the merits or demerits of the pictures that were rejected last spring at the Royal Academy, and to this end has asked the disappointed artists to send in their works to him. Of course, only a selection will be hung. A practical difficulty lies in the fact that the "unhung" are not always desirous of proclaiming to the world that they are in the category of the rejected; for all that, Mr. Collins is confident of making an interesting show.

Mr. Hall Caine's romantic drama, founded on his novel "The Christian," will be produced at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre about October 20 after a preliminary production at Liverpool. It has already been played at the KNICKERBOCKER Theatre, New York, where it has just been withdrawn after 300 performances. Mr. Herbert Waring will play John Storm, and Miss Evelyn Millard as Glory Quayle.

The lately revolutionised bill of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre has once more undergone a complete change. In the place of *Captain Swift*, with the added humours of *The First Night*, Mr. Tree on Saturday evening revived *The Musketeers*. Mr. Grundy's picturesque and stirring play, which is admirably played by practically the same company as before, received a cordial welcome from a full house.

Pot Pourri is enjoying a success at the AVENUE Theatre, which promises to re-establish that essentially Parisian entertainment the "Revue" on the London stage, to which it has long been a stranger. The parodies of scenes from recent plays are clever, the references to events of the day are witty, and Miss Romaine's song of the marvellously captivating housemaid is immensely popular.

Next week the artists and craftsmen who form the Art Workers' Guild will present at the Guildhall, by permission of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Common Council, a revival of the old Elizabethan masque, and, under the title of *Beauty's Awakening*, will set forth, by means of a poetical variant on the Sleeping Beauty legend, the rescue by Art of Beauty from the thralls of Ugliness. The book has been written by Messrs. Walter Crane, Harrison Townsend, Selwyn Image, Christopher Whall and C. R. Ashbee; the dresses have been designed, and in many cases fashioned, by members of the Guild; while the scenery has been painted, and the rather archaic stage and proscenium designed by Mr. Harry Wilson. Special music has been composed which will be rendered by an orchestra of antique instruments, conducted by Mr. Dolmetsch, who, a number of ladies, well known to the artistic society, will take part in the elaborate dances which are to be introduced. As this is the first time that so many prominent artists have associated themselves together to give an entertainment, the performance cannot fail to be an interesting one. Three performances will be given on consecutive nights—that is on June 27, 28, and 30. The Lord Mayor and Corporation will attend the opening performance in state. Tickets, 1*l.* 1*s.*, it is announced, can be obtained from the Hon. Secy. Mr. H. J. L. J. Masse, at the Hall of the Art Workers' Guild, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, or at 37, Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, W.



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S POLAR EXPEDITION: THE "STELLA POLARE" LYING OFF CHRISTIANIA

From a Sketch by D. M. M. Crichton Somerville.



Our Portraits

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, who has been appointed Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence in succession to Captain A. Barrow on the latter's appointment to the command of H.M.S. *Prince George*, is the elder brother of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, and he married, in 1884, Princess Victoria of Hesse, the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice. Prince Louis was born in 1854, and he joined the Navy in 1868, reaching the rank of captain in 1891. He was until lately Captain of the *Majestic*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron. In 1882 Prince Louis served as Lieutenant on the *Inconstant* during the Egyptian War, and landed with the Naval Brigade in command of the Gatling gun battery for the occupation of Alexandria after the bombardment. He was Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications from 1892 to 1894 when he became for a short time Joint Secretary of the Joint Naval and Military Committee on Defence. He is the inventor of an instrument for testing the speed of ships, and together with Captain Percy Scott of a cone signalling apparatus. Two years ago Prince Louis brought out a book on "Men-of-War Names, their Meaning and Origin." His new appointment will place him at the head of the mobilisation branch of the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, which has the arrangement of all matters connected with the manning of the fleet and its preparation for war.—Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Sir William Cornelius Van Horne, who has just resigned the Presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, succeeded Sir George Stephen in that post in 1889, and the success of the company has been very largely due to him. Sir William Van Horne, who was born in the United States in 1843, has been engaged in railway work since the age of fourteen. When the Canadian Pacific Company was incorporated in 1881, and subsidised by the Dominion Government to carry out the work of completing the through line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Sir William was appointed general manager of the line, and became Vice-President of the company in 1884. For his valuable services to the Colony he was created in 1894 K.C.M.G.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. A. J. Cassatt, who has just succeeded the late Mr. Frank Thomson as President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is a graduate of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and entered the service of the Company as a civil engineer. Mr. Cassatt rose rapidly until he became first Vice-President of the Railroad, in charge of the operating, maintenance, and traffic departments. In 1887 he resigned the Vice-Presidency, being succeeded by the late Mr. Frank Thomson, whom he now succeeds in the Presidency, and was elected to the board of directors. Mr. Cassatt is regarded as one of the best railway administrators in America, and his appointment to the Presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad is generally considered an assurance that the policy hitherto pursued by the Company in the management of its property will not be altered.—Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Dublin has suffered a severe loss by the death of Dr. George Ferdinand Shaw, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, after a severe operation. Dr. Shaw, who was in his seventy-eighth year, entered Trinity College in 1839, and was elected a scholar in 1841. In 1848 he was made a Fellow, and in 1856 he took his LL.D. degree. He was co-opted a Senior Fellow and member of the Board in 1890, and until lately took a prominent part in the government of the University, in which he had filled almost every post of importance. For many years he was junior dean, and at the time of his death was senior dean. In the early sixties he took to journalism, and became a leader writer on the *Nation*. He was joint editor of the *Irish Times* during the first years of its existence, and about 1870 he became leader writer on the *Evening Mail*, his brilliant articles in that paper being well known. Dr. Shaw will be missed, not only in the University, of which he was an ornament, and in literary circles where his abilities and his wit were highly appreciated, but also in Dublin society, in which he was much respected and very popular.—Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

The result of the election in the South Division of Edinburgh to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Robert Cox, M.P., Unionist, was declared on Monday night, when the figures were announced as follows:—Mr. Arthur Dewar (Liberal), 5,820; Major-General Wauchope (Unionist), 4,989. The Liberals have therefore gained back the seat which was wrested from them by

Mr. Cox at the last general election. Mr. Arthur Dewar, the new member, is a son of Mr. John Dewar, of Perth, the founder of the great firm of distillers, John Dewar and Sons. He was educated at Perth Academy and Edinburgh University. He was admitted an Advocate to the Scottish Bar in 1885, and enjoys a considerable practice. Mr. Dewar is the eighty-first new member returned to the House of Commons since the General Election of 1895.—Our portrait is by Moffat, Edinburgh.

The Dover to Heligoland Race

THE third yacht race from Dover to Heligoland for a gold cup and other prizes, given by the German Emperor, was started on Monday. The arrangements, which were in the hands of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, were admirably carried out, and a capital start was made at two o'clock in the afternoon. There were originally no fewer than twenty entries for the race, but of these Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's *Satanita* was disqualified, and six others, *Beluga*, *Oceanus*, *Freda* (which won the first cup), *Ariadne*, *Alba*, and *Aziola* did not start. The thirteen starters were as follows:—

Yacht	Rig	Tons	Owner
<i>Æolus</i> ..	Schooner ..	77 ..	Mr. J. C. Schol-y
<i>Jullanar</i> ..	Yawl ..	126 ..	Mr. E. C. F. James
<i>Charmian</i> ..	Schooner ..	175 ..	Mr. F. B. Atkinson
<i>Betty</i> ..	Cutter ..	92 ..	Mr. J. Gretton, M.P.
<i>Egret</i> ..	Schooner ..	83 ..	Mr. G. A. Henty
<i>Cetonia</i> ..	Schooner ..	203 ..	Lord Iveagh, K.P.
<i>Medora</i> ..	Schooner ..	160 ..	Mr. J. F. Schwann
<i>Roseneath</i> ..	Schooner ..	54 ..	Mr. A. W. Fulcher
<i>Florinda</i> ..	Yawl ..	135 ..	Sir James Pender
<i>Amphitrite</i> ..	Schooner ..	161 ..	Mr. A. H. Littleton
<i>Cicely</i> ..	Yawl ..	95 ..	Mr. Cecil Quantin
<i>Wendur</i> ..	Yawl ..	143 ..	Mr. R. H. Lee
<i>Brynild</i> ..	Yawl ..	153 ..	Mr. J. S. Calverley

The race is a handicap, and is open to all cruising yachts belonging to any Royal or recognised British Yacht Club, built in the United Kingdom, of fifty tons



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP

Mr. G. H. Paisley, Secretary of Royal Yacht Squadron, acting together. The *Betty* had the best of the start, *Charmian*, *Brynild*, and *Medora* also occupying leading positions. The *Cetonia*, which slipped over the line too soon, had to be brought back, and so lost nearly ten minutes. The yachts presented a magnificent spectacle, with the sun shining on them, as they sailed away carrying every stitch of canvas it was possible for them to carry. The handicap of the starters was as follows:—*Cetonia*, *Brynild*, and *Amphitrite* allow *Wendur* 2h. 45min.; *Cicely*, *Betty*, and *Charmian* 3h.; *Jullanar*, 4h. 15min.; *Florinda*, 4h. 25min.; *Medora*, 6h. 15min.; *Æolus*, 10h.; *Roseneath*, 11h.; *Egret*, 12h. The cup, which was designed by the German Emperor, and is given to commemorate the eightieth birthday of the Queen, bears a medallion portrait of the Queen on one side and one of the German Emperor on the other.

English and Australian Cricket

IN summing up the causes of the failure of Mr. Stoddart's team in Australia, Prince Ranjitsinhji frankly admitted their defeats in the Test Matches to "meeting opponents who were better than ourselves, and better than people in England have any idea of." The Australian eleven which beat the team of which Prince Ranjitsinhji was a member, was to all intents and purposes identical in composition with that which beat the picked eleven of England at Lord's last week, and will meet England again next week at Leeds. By this time people in England have obtained a very fair idea of the strength of the Australian Eleven, and are by no means disposed to underrate it. On the contrary it has soundly established a respect for its powers comparable to that of the best Australian team that ever visited England; and there is a tendency to regard its achievement of last week as evidence not only that it outplayed the English team in batting, bowling and fielding, but that it is likely to repeat the feat next week at Leeds, or whenever England and Australia meet this season on a hard wicket. This is a very unreasonable attitude to take up. One may concede that in this match our batting broke down, and that our bowling and fielding might have been improved upon, without admitting these facts as a proof of permanent Australian superiority. At any rate, this is the first time in which a single reverse has had such an effect on English judgment. Compare this match with the one in which the last Australian team beat us at Manchester in 1896. At Manchester Australia made 412, or six more than they made at Lord's last week, while England replied with 231—which is only 25 more than our unfortunate representatives put together at Lord's. But nobody at that time argued that England was hopelessly outclassed. Rather did the defeat strengthen the desire which English cricketers felt to have another round with the visitors. In that match England had an advantage which she has sorely missed this season—a first-class fast bowler, Tom Richardson at his best. He took seven wickets in the first Australian innings, and six in the second, the average cost of his wickets being about eighteen runs apiece. The odd thing about the criticisms of that match is that the English defeat was ascribed not to a breakdown in batting, though really the batting was nearly as ineffective as that of the team last week, but to the lack of bowling. Yet they had Richardson, J. T. Hearne, and Briggs, as against Mead and Rhodes this year; and the "change" bowlers then and now were about of equal strength.

What then is the moral to be drawn from a comparison of these two matches? The fact is that in spite of the collapse of English batsmen in the first innings at Lord's—a collapse which was nothing like so startling as that of the last Australian team for 53 in the first Test Match at Lord's in 1896, or of the present team for 140 against Yorkshire—the Australians have not yet proved their superiority in batting to that of an English eleven. For the team at Leeds it is probable that we shall see some steady professional talent put in to replace a portion of our brilliant amateur batting. In a big match nerve pays better than brilliancy, the greatness of the occasion having a tendency to level brilliancy and mediocrity at the beginning of an innings. J. T. Brown is a certainty, and in spite of the legend that Abel cannot play fast bowling, a legend which has not a very substantial basis, he will probably be given a chance once again to disprove it. Brockwell or Shrewsbury have both more claims than Townsend or Tyldesley, the second of whom can hardly be played again; and Jessop's plucky effort notwithstanding, there is not sufficient reason for playing him if a fast bowler can be found. That is England's chief difficulty—a good fast bowler. Here the second moral to be drawn from previous defeats appears; the bowling must be strengthened, especially if the game is to be played on a fast wicket.

For this contingency the Selection Committee would perhaps be wise to have more than one reserve man on the ground, to be played according to weather and the state of the wicket. If it were a heavy wicket Wainwright, Rhodes and Hearne, or Mead, Young and Rhodes, would be a sufficiency of first-class bowling. But if the wicket were hard Hearne, Mead, Rhodes and Mold would not be any stronger bowling than England will need. That is, of course, where the Australians have the advantage over us. If we put these four bowlers into our team we leave room only for six batsmen and a wicket-keeper. But the Australian attack, consisting of Jones, Howell, Trumble and Noble, only has to put in two men—Jones and Howell—who are of no account as bats. Still, with J. T. Brown, Hayward, Shrewsbury or Abel, F. S. Jackson, Ranjitsinhji, McLaren and Lilley, England ought to be strong enough in batting to make the sacrifice of using the quartette of bowlers that has been named. If it were a "middling" wicket Mead might be taken out and W. G. Quaife or Gunn put in.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE proposal to make Alderwomen recalls an incident which occurred to John Stuart Mill. He was a very serious philosopher, who knew Greek when he was three years of age, and had read Hume, Gibbon, Hooker, Plutarch, and Burnet before he was eight—an education which was not calculated to develop the sense of humour. Mill was one day addressing his constituents, and touched upon the vexed question of female suffrage. This was intolerable to one of the audience, who upset the gravity of the meeting by calling out, "The missuses have too much power already." Mahomet denied that women have souls, and a conclave of cardinals once admitted their claim in this direction by a majority of one! We have travelled far since those unenlightened days.

The late Mr. Abraham Hayward wrote over half a century ago

past quarter of a century officiated at the late Lady Molesworth's, and was an Englishwoman.

The Foreign Office has had to overcome a somewhat ludicrous difficulty, and has succeeded in its endeavours. Even Ambassadors have been known to be reticent as to their age, but, as this delicate matter affects the working of the superannuation clause, it became necessary to procure some definite information on the subject. The Foreign Office some months ago distributed official forms which every diplomatist was compelled to fill, giving the date of his birth. Ambassadors and Ministers have in former times been suspected of prolonging their services beyond the limit of age. This will be more difficult, if it will not be altogether impossible, now.

The age limit will be reached by several English diplomatists late in the present year and early in 1900. One of those who will soon have to retire is, unfortunately, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the British Ambassador at Madrid, an astute and experienced diplomatist, a staunch supporter of the Conservative Party, the originator of the Primrose League, a brilliant conversationalist, and a particularly well-trained man of the world. Sir Henry was for several years in the House of Commons, where he should have succeeded better than he did, for he was a good debater and came,

besides, few are so carefully attended to by servants as they are in ordinary circumstances.

It is the fate of every innovation in England to be treated with contempt and with discouragement at the outset of its career. The automobiles are no exception to this rule, and it is surprising that these machines, which are so commonly used in France, and have there reached so close to perfection, are in England discountenanced. French manufacturers assert that the English will not pay the high prices for automobiles, which in France are easily obtained, and they explain in this manner the phenomenon which most have observed, that the generality of automobiles seen in London compare very unfavourably with the majority of those seen in Paris.

THE foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Royal School of Art Needlework was to be laid by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on Friday. By degrees the arts of adornment and designing are making their way in England. Thanks to the kindly official interest of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, embroidery has become a beautiful and remunerative occupation for women. The reputation



General Sir William Stirling, R.A., inspected the Commissionaire Corps at Chelsea Hospital on Sunday morning. The corps numbers 2,588 men, of whom about 1,100 were on parade for the general inspection. Sir Edward Walter, who founded the corps over forty years ago, was in supreme command, while the executive

command devolved upon Colonel M. McNeill Rind, Commandant of the London Division of the Corps. Our illustration is from a photograph by Reinhold Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL

"The Art of Dining." This has been reprinted. At that time *chefs* were few in England, and those there were masters of the art. In these days *chefs* are very numerous, and they even have a club in Sackville Street. Nevertheless, it is more difficult now to obtain a first-class French cook than it ever was, for the number of these is limited, and the competition to possess the really good ones is enormous. They are mostly engaged by the proprietors of the leading restaurants, who pay them such high salaries that few clubs or private individuals can offer them remuneration which approaches them. It is this which explains the deterioration in the standard of cooking at those West End clubs which were formerly famous for the excellence of the dinners. There is scarcely a London club which has now a reputation for its cooking.

There are some fortunate millionaires who can afford to keep three French cooks, and each of the latter devotes himself to that particular branch of the art in which he excels. This one is an adept at concocting sauces; the other has an eye for design, and so arranges a dish that is attractive to the eye; the third prepares sweets. It is very seldom that one *chef* is perfect in these three important matters. Expert diners are mostly agreed that a really proficient English woman cook is superior to a *chef*, and it must be remembered to her honour that the best cook in London during the

to the front early in his Parliamentary career. His good nature was, however, in his way, and others reaped the benefit too often of the arguments and plans which his brain devised.

Those who possess pet dogs are not altogether opposed to the continuance of the muzzling order. The muzzles may cause some annoyance to the dogs, and the regulations may inconvenience the owners, but the wearing of the former prevents the big and pugnacious dogs from biting the small ones. A dog fight is now an almost unknown sensation in a London street. Mr. Long should, however, mitigate the severity of the regulations as regards the re-importation of dogs into England. As it now stands it acts as a species of sumptuary law. There are many who will have to do so abroad for their health in the autumn, or who would wish to do so for their amusement, and some of these will find it difficult to separate from their pets for a considerable period.

Mr. Long might modify the regulation by making it compulsory that a dog which is re-imported into England after a visit of only a few weeks to the Continent should be examined by a competent veterinary surgeon, and if pronounced to be sound should not undergo any further vexatious treatment. There are many pet dogs who will pine in the absence of their master and mistress, and,

of want of taste is being removed from British workmanship, and the artistic fabrics have come to stay. Women's slender fingers, their refinement, their skill, their delicacy are specially suited to embroidery. Great ladies have adopted the pursuit, and, by their advice and assistance, given a new impetus to fine and elaborate embroidery. The School of Art Needlework's products are well known and need no recommendation, but it is pleasant to think that our Royal ladies are following in the footsteps of their predecessors, and that the embroidery, beloved of Queens and their handmaidens from the days of William the Conqueror, is still a living, beautiful, and decorative art.

GIRLS WHO ARE AT OXFORD for Commemoration might take a hint from their American sisters and introduce "college parasols" in the colours of the college they particularly wish to favour. The idea has greatly "caught on" across the Atlantic, the parasols being very dainty and ingenious arrangements. The Harvard parasol is black, embroidered with tiny red roses, while a red bow ornaments the ebony handle. Yale is represented in white, with dark blue spots and a blue border, the handle being blue and white china. Princeton, however, is the most striking in bright orange, having a border of black, white, and gold, and a black and gold inlaid handle tied with a tigerish-looking bow of black and yellow striped ribbon.



"He took from a pocket of his clothes which were lying near two small blue objects, which now are safely embedded in the mud at the bottom of the Nile, and rubbed them briskly together. By degrees they grew luminous with a sickly yellow pallor of light, and from his hands went up a wavy phosphorescent flame. One of these cubes he placed in the open mouth of the corpse, and the other in his own"

ILLUSTRATING THE STORY, "A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE," BY E. F. BENSON

DRAWN BY JOHN DA COSTA

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

By E. F. BENSON. Illustrated by JOHN DA COSTA

LUXOR, as most of those who have been there will allow, is a singularly charming place, and boasts many attractions for the traveller, chief among which they will reckon an excellent hotel, containing a billiard-room, a garden fit for the gods to sit in, any quantity of visitors, at least a weekly dance on board a tourist steamer, quail shooting, a climate as of Avignon, and a number of stupendously ancient monuments for those archaeologically inclined. But to certain others, few indeed in number, but fanatically convinced of their own orthodoxy, the charm of Luxor, like some sleeping beauty, only wakes when these things cease, when the hotel has grown empty and the billiard marker has gone for a long rest to Cairo, when the decimated quail and the decimating tourist have fled northwards, and the Theban plain, Danae to a tropical sun, is a gridiron across which no man would willingly make a journey by day, not even if Queen Hatshepsut herself should call his name from the terraces of Deir-el-Bahari. A suspicion however that the fanatic few, for that in other respects they were men of estimable opinions, might be right, induced me to examine their convictions for myself, and thus it came about that two years ago certain days toward the beginning of June saw me still there, a confirmed convert.

Much tobacco and the length of summer days had assisted us to the analysis of the charm of which summer in the south is possessed, and Weston, one of the earliest of the elect, and myself had discussed it at some length. Though we reserved as the principal ingredient a nameless something which baffled the chemist, and must be felt to be understood, we were easily able to detect certain other drugs of sight and sound, which, we were agreed, contributed to the whole. A few of them are here subjoined.

The waking in the warm darkness just before dawn to find that the desire for stopping in bed fails with the awakening.

The silent ferrying across the Nile with our horses, who, like us, stand and sniff at the incredible sweetness of the coming morning without apparently finding it less wonderful in repetition.

The moment infinitesimal in duration but infinite in sensation, just before the sun rises, when the grey, shrouded river is struck suddenly out of darkness and becomes a sheet of green bronze.

The rose flush, rapid as a change of colour in some chemical combination, which shoots across the sky from east to west, followed immediately by the sunlight which catches the peaks of the western hills, and flows down like some luminous liquid.

The stir and whisper which goes through the world; a breeze springs up, a lark soars and sings, the boatman shouts "Yallah! yallah!" the horses toss their heads.

The subsequent ride.

The subsequent breakfast on our return.

The subsequent absence of anything to do.

At sunset the ride into the desert thick with the odour of warm, barren sand, which smells like nothing else in the world, for it smells of nothing at all.

The starry curtain of the tropical night.

Camel's milk.

Converse with the fellahin, who are the most charming and least accountable people on the face of the earth except when tourists are about, and when in consequence there is no thought but bucksheesh.

Lastly, and with this we are concerned, the possibility of remarkable experiences.

The beginning of the things which make this tale occurred four days ago, when Abdul Ali, the oldest man in the village, died suddenly full of days and riches. Both, so we thought, had probably been somewhat exaggerated, but his relations affirmed constantly that he had as many years as he had English pounds, and that each was a hundred. The apt roundness of these numbers was incontestable, the thing was too neat to be true, and not before he had been dead for twenty-four hours, it was a matter of orthodoxy. But that which turned an event which must soon have been inevitable into a source of blank dismay instead of pious resignation to his relations, was that not one of these English pounds, not even their shady equivalent in notes, which, out of the tourist season, are looked upon at Luxor as but a doubtful variety of philosopher's stone, though certainly capable of producing gold under favourable circumstances, could be found. Abdul Ali with his hundred years was dead, his century of sovereigns—they might as well have been an annuity—were dead with him, and his son Mohamed, who had previously enjoyed a sort of brevet rank in anticipation of the event, was considered to be throwing far more dust in the air than the genuine affection even of a chief mourner wholly justified.

Abdul, it is to be feared, was not a man of stereotyped respectability. He drank wine whenever he could get it, he ate food during the days of Ramadan, scornful of the fast, when his appetite desired it, he was supposed to have the evil eye, and in his last moments he was attended by the notorious Achmet, who is well known here to have practised black magic, and has been suspected of the much meaner crime of robbing the bodies of those lately dead. For in Egypt, while to despoil the bodies of ancient kings and priests is a privilege for which advanced and learned societies vie with each other, to rob the bodies of those lately dead is considered the deed of a dog. Mohamed, who soon exchanged the throwing of dust in the air for the more natural mode of expressing chagrin, which is to gnaw the nails, told us in confidence that he suspected Achmet of having learned the *ra-ke* where his father's money was, but it appeared that Achmet had as blank a face as anybody when his patient, who was striving to make some communication with him, went out into silence, and the suspicion that he knew where the money was, gave way, in the minds of the heirs of Abdul, to a but dubious regret that he had not found out.

So Abdul died and was buried, and we all went to the funeral feast, at which we ate more roast meat than one naturally desires at five in a tropical afternoon, in consequence of which Weston and I, not requiring dinner, stopped at home after our return from the ride into the desert, and talked to Mohamed, Abdul's son, and Hussein, Abdul's youngest grandson, a boy of about twenty, who is also our valet, cook and housemaid. They together woefully narrated of the money that was and is not, and told us scandalous tales about Achmet and his weakness for cemeteries. They drank

coffee and smoked, for though Hussein was our servant, we had been that day the guests of his father, and shortly after they had gone, up came Machmout.

Machmout, who says he thinks he is twelve, but does not know for certain, is kitchen-maid, groom and gardener. He has to an extraordinary degree some occult power resembling clairvoyance. Weston, who is a member of the Society for Psychical Research and the tragedy of whose life has been the detected fraudulence of Eusapia Palladino, says that it is all thought-reading, and has made notes of many of Machmout's performances, which may subsequently turn out to be of interest. Thought-reading, however, does not seem to me to fully explain the phenomena which followed Abdul's funeral, and with Machmout I have to put them down to white magic, which should be a very inclusive term, or to pure coincidence, which is even more inclusive, and will cover all the inexplicable circumstances of the world, taken singly. The method of procedure is simple, being the ink mirror known by name to many, and it is as follows:—

A little black ink is poured into the palm of Machmout's hand, or, as ink has been at a premium lately, owing to the last post beat from Cairo which contained stationery for us having stuck on a sand-bank, a small piece of black American cloth about an inch in diameter, is found to be a perfect substitute. Upon this he gazes. After five or ten minutes his shrewd monkey-like expression is struck from his face, his eyes, wide open, remain fixed on the cloth, a complete rigidity sets in over his muscles, and he tells us of the curious things he sees. In whatever position he is, in that position he remains without the deflection of a hair's breadth, until the ink is washed off or the cloth removed. Then he looks up and says "Khalás," which means "It is finished."

We only engaged Machmout's services as second general domestic a fortnight ago, but the first evening he was with us he came upstairs when he had finished his work, and said "I will show you white magic. Give me ink," and proceeded to describe the front hall of our house in London, saying that there were two horses at the door, and that a man and woman soon came out, gave the horses each a piece of bread and mounted. The thing was so probable that by the next mail I wrote asking my mother to note exactly what she was doing, and where, at half-past five (English time), on the evening of June 12. At the corresponding time in Egypt Machmout was describing, speaking to us, of a "sitt" (lady) having tea in a room which he described with some minuteness, and I am waiting anxiously for her letter. The explanation which Weston gives of these phenomena is, that a certain picture of people I know is present in my mind, though I may not be aware of it—present to my subliminal self, I think, he says—and that I give an unspoken suggestion to the hypnotised Machmout. My explanation is that there isn't any explanation, for no suggestion on my part would make my brother go out for a ride at the moment when Machmout says he is doing so (if indeed we find that Machmout's visions are chronologically correct) and that I am prepared to believe anything. Weston, however, does not speak quite so calmly or scientifically about Machmout's last performance, and since it took place he has almost entirely ceased to urge me to become a member of the Society for Psychical Research, in order that I may no longer be hidebound by vain superstitions.

Machmout will not exercise these powers if his own folk are present, for he says that when he is in this state, if a man who knows black magic was in the room, or knew that he was practising white magic, he could get the spirit who presides over the black magic to kill the spirit of white magic, for the black magic is the more potent, and the two are foes. And as the spirit of white magic is on occasions a powerful friend—he has before now befriended Machmout in a manner which I consider incredible—the boy is very desirous that he should abide long with him. But Englishmen, it appears, do not know the black magic, so with us he is safe. The Spirit of Black Magic, to speak with whom is death, Machmout saw once "between heaven and earth and night and day," so he phrases it, on the Karnak road. He may be known, he told us, by the fact that he is of paler skin than his people, that he has two long teeth, one in each corner of his mouth, and that his eyes, which are white all over, are as big as the eyes of a horse.

Machmout squatted himself comfortably in the corner, and I gave him the piece of black American cloth. As some minutes must elapse before he gets into the hypnotic state in which the visions begin, I strolled out on to the balcony for coolness. It was the hottest night we had yet had, and though the sun had set three hours, the thermometer marked 105 degrees. Above, the sky seemed veiled with grey, where it should have been dark velvety blue, and a fitful puffing wind from the south threatened three days of the sandy intolerable khamsen wind. A little way up the street to the left was a small café, in front of which were waning and waning little glowworm specks of light from the water pipes of Arabs sitting out there in the dark. From inside came the click of brass castanets in the hands of some dancing girl, sounding sharp and precise against the wailing bagpipe music of the strings and pipes which accompanied these movements, which Arabs love and Europeans think so unpleasant. Eastwards the sky was paler and luminous, for the moon was imminently rising, and even as I looked the red rim of the enormous disc cut the line of the desert, and on the instant, with a curious apine, one of the Arabs outside the café broke out into that wonderful chant:

I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon,
Far is thy throne over Mecca, slip down, O beloved, to me!

Immediately afterwards I heard the piping monotone of Machmout's voice begin, and I went inside.

We have found that the experiments gave the quickest result by contact, a fact which confirmed Weston in his explanation of them by thought transference of some elaborate kind, which I confess I cannot understand. He was writing at a table in the window when I came in, but looked up.

"Take his hand," he said; "at present he is quite incoherent."

"Do you explain that?" I asked.

"It is closely analogous, so Myers thinks, to talking in sleep.

He has been saying something about a tomb. Do make a suggestion, and see if he responds. He is remarkably sensitive, and he responds quicker to you than to me. Probably Abdul's funeral suggested the tomb!"

A sudden thought struck me.

"Hush!" I said, "I want to listen."

Machmout's head was thrown a little back, and he held the hand in which was the piece of cloth rather above his face. As usual he was talking very slowly, and in a high staccato voice, absolutely unlike his usual tones.

"On one side of the grave," he piped, "is an att (tamarisk) tree, and the green beetles make fantasia about it. On the other side is a mud wall. There are many other graves about, but they are all asleep. This is the grave because it is awake, and is moist and not sandy."

"I thought so," said Weston. "It is Abdul's grave he is talking about."

"There is a red moon sitting on the desert," continued Machmout, "and it is now. There is the puffing of khamsen, and much dust coming. The moon is red because of dust, not because it is low."

"Still sensitive to external conditions," said Weston. "That is rather curious. Pinch him, will you?"

I pinched Machmout; I might as well have pinched the moon.

"In the last house of the street and in the doorway stands a man. Ah! ah!" cried the boy suddenly. "It is the black magic he knows. Don't let him come. He is going out of the house," he shrieked; "he is coming—no, he is going the other way, towards the moon and the grave. He has the black magic with him, which can raise the dead, and he has a murdering knife, and a spade. I cannot see his face, for the black magic is between him and my eyes."

Weston had got up, and like me was hanging on Machmout's words.

"We will go there," he said. "There is an opportunity of testing this. Listen a moment."

"He is walking, walking, walking," piped Machmout. "Still walking to the moon and the grave. The moon sits no longer on the desert, but has sprung up a little way."

I pointed out of the window.

"That, at any rate, is true," I said.

Weston took the cloth out of Machmout's hand, and the piping ceased. In a moment he stretched himself and rubbed his eyes.

"Khalás!" he said.

"Yes, it is Khalás."

"Did I tell you of the sitt in England?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes," I answered. "Thank you, little Machmout. The white magic was very good to-night. Get you to bed."

Machmout trotted obediently out of the room, and Weston closed the door after him.

"We must be quick," he said. "It is worth while going and giving the thing a chance, though I wish he had seen something less gruesome. The odd thing is that he was not at the funeral and yet he describes the grave accurately. What do you make of it?"

"I make that the white magic has shown Machmout that somebody with black magic is going to Abdul's grave, perhaps to rob it," I answered resolutely.

"What are we to do when we get there?"

"See the black magic at work. Personally I am in a blue funk. So are you."

"There is no such thing as black magic," said Weston. "Ah, I have it. Give me that orange." Weston rapidly skinned it and cut from the rind two circles as big as a five-shilling piece, and two long white fangs of skin. The first he fixed in his eye, the two latter in the corners of his mouth.

"The spirit of black magic?" I asked.

"The same."

He took up a long black burnous and wrapped it round him. Even in the bright lamp-light the spirit of black magic was a sufficiently terrific personage.

"I don't believe in black magic," he said, "but others do. If it is necessary to put a stop to—to anything that is going on, we will hoist the man on his own petard. Come along. Who do you suspect it is—I mean, of course, who was the person you were thinking of when your thoughts were transferred to Machmout?"

"What Machmout said," I answered, "suggested Achmet to me!"

Weston indulged in a laugh of scientific incredulity, and we set off.

The moon, as Machmout had told us, was just clear of the horizon, and as it rose higher, its colour at first red and sombre, like the blaze of some distant conflagration, paler to tawny yellow. The hot wind from the south, blowing no longer fitfully, but with a steady increasing violence, was thick with sand and of incredibly scorching heat, and the tops of the palm trees the garden of the deserted hotel on the right were lashing to and fro with a harsh rattle of dry leaves. The cemetery lay on the outskirts of the village, and as long as our way lay between the walls of the huddling street the wind came to us only as the heat behind closed furnace doors. Every now and then, with a whistle, rising into a great buffeting flap, a sudden whirlwind of dust would scour some twenty yards along the road, and break like a shore-quenched wave against one or other of the walls, or throw itself heavily against a house and fall in a shower of sand. But once free of obstructions we were opposed to the heat and blast of the wind, which blew full in our teeth. It was the first bad khamsen of the year, and for the moment I wished it had gone north with the tourist and the quail and the billiard marker, for khamsen fleeces the marrow out of the bones, turns the body to blowing paper. We passed no one in the street, and the only sound we heard, except the wind, was the howling moon-struck dogs.

The cemetery is surrounded by a tall mud-built wall, and sheltering for a few moments under this, we discussed our movements. The row of tamarisks close to which the tomb lay, marched in pairs down the centre of the graveyard, and by skirting the wall outside and

climbing softly over where they approached it, the fury of the wind might help us to get near the grave without being seen, if anyone happened to be there. We had just decided on this, and were moving on to put the scheme into execution, when the wind dropped for a moment, and in the silence we could hear the clump of a spade being driven into the earth, and what gave me a sudden thrill of intimate horror, the cry of the carrion-feeding hawk from the dusty sky just overhead.

Two minutes later we were creeping up in the shade of the tamarisks to where Abdul had been buried. The great green beetles which live on the trees were flying about blindly, and twice or thrice one dashed into my face with a whirl of mail-clad wings. When we were within some twenty yards of the grave we stopped for a moment, and looking cautiously out from our shelter saw the figure of a man already waist-deep in the earth, digging out the newly turned grave. Weston, who was standing behind me, had adjusted the characteristics of the spirit of black magic so as to be ready for emergencies, and turning round suddenly and finding myself unawares face to face with that realistic impersonation, though my nerves are not precariously strong, I could have found it within me to shriek aloud. But that unsympathetic man of iron only shook with suppressed laughter, and holding the orange-peel eyes in his hand motioned me forward again without speaking to where the trees grew thicker and not ten yards away from the grave.

There we waited, I suppose, for some five minutes, while the man whom we saw to be Achmet toiled on at his impious task. He was entirely naked, and his brown skin glistened with the dew of exertion. At times he chattered in a cold, uncanny manner to himself, and once or twice he stopped for breath. Then he began scraping the earth away with his hands, and soon afterwards searched in his clothes, which were lying near, for a piece of rope, with which he stepped into the grave, and in a moment reappeared again with both ends in his hands. Then, standing astride the grave, he pulled strongly, and one end of the coffin appeared above the ground. He chipped a piece of the lid away to make sure that he had the right end, and then, setting it upright, wrenched off the lid with his knife, and there faced us, the small shrivelled shape of the dead Abdul, swathed like a baby in white.

I was just about to motion the Spirit of Black Magic to make his appearance, when Machmout's words came into my head. "He has with him the black magic which can raise the dead," and sudden overwhelming curiosity which froze disgust and horror into chill unfeeling things came over me.

"Wait," I whispered to Weston. "He will use the black magic."

Again the wind dropped for a moment, and again, in the silence that came with it, I heard the chiding of the hawk overhead—this time nearer, and there were more birds than one.

Achmet meantime had taken the covering from off the face, and had undone the swathing band, which at the moment after death is bound round the head to close the jaw, and which the Arabs always leave there, and from where we stood I could see that the jaw dropped when the bandage was untied, as if, though the wind blew towards us with a ghastly scent of mortality on it, the muscles were not even now set, though the man had been dead sixty hours. But still a rank and burning curiosity to see what this unclean soul would do next clothed all other feelings in my mind. He seemed not to notice, or at any rate to disregard that mouth gaping awry, and moved about nimbly in the moonlight.

He took from a pocket of his clothes which were lying near two small blue objects, which now are safely embedded in the mud at the bottom of the Nile, and rubbed them briskly together. By degrees they grew luminous with a sickly yellow pallor of light, and from his hands went up a wavy phosphorescent flame. One of these cubes he placed in the open mouth of the corpse, the other in his own, and taking the dead man closely in his arms as though he would indeed dance with death, he breathed long breaths from his mouth into that corrupting cavern which was pressed to his. Suddenly he started back with a quick-drawn breath of wonder, and perhaps of horror, and stood for a space as if irresolute, for the cube which the dead man held, instead of lying loosely in the jaw, was pressed tight between clenched teeth. After a moment of irresolution he stepped back quickly to his clothes again, and took up from near them the knife with which he had stripped off the coffin lid, and holding this in one hand behind his back, with the other he took out the cube from the dead man's mouth, though with a visible exhibition of force, and spoke.

"Abdul," he said, "I am your friend, and I swear I will give your money to Mohamed if you will tell me where it is."

Certain I am that the lips of the dead moved, and the eyelids fluttered for a moment like the wings of a wounded bird, but at that sight, the horror so grew on me that I was physically incapable of stifling the cry that rose to my lips, and Achmet turned round. Next moment the complete Spirit of Black Magic glided out of the shade of the trees, and towered before him. The wretched man stood for a moment without stirring, then turning with shaking knees to flee, he stepped back and fell into the grave he had just opened.

Weston turned on me angrily, dropping the eyes and the teeth of the Afrit.

"You spoiled it all," he cried. "It would perhaps have been the most interesting . . ." and his eye lighted on the dead Abdul, who peered open-eyed from the coffin, then swayed, tottered, and fell forward face downwards on the ground close to him. For one moment he lay there, and then the body rolled slowly on to its back without visible cause for movement, and lay staring into the sky. The face was covered with dust, but with the dust was mingled fresh blood. A nail had caught the cloth that wound him, underneath which as usual were the clothes in which he had died, for the Arabs do not wash their dead, and it had torn a great rent through them all, leaving the right shoulder bare.

Weston strove to speak once, but failed. Then "I will go and inform the police," he said, "if you will stop here and see that Achmet does not get out."

But this I altogether refused to do, and after covering the body with the coffin to protect it from the hawks, we secured Abdul's arms with the rope he had already used that night, and took him off to Luxor.

Next morning Mohamed came to see us.

"I thought Achmet knew where the money was," he said exultantly.

"Where was it?"

In a little purse tied round the shoulder. The dog had already begun stripping the body. See," and he brought it out of his pocket, "it is all there in those English notes, five pounds each, and there are twenty-five of them. His money was even greater than his years."

Our conclusion was slightly different, for even Weston will allow that Achmet hoped to learn from dead lips the secret of the treasure, and then to kill the man anew and bury him. But that is pure conjecture.

The only other point of interest lies in the two black cubes which we picked up, and found to be graven with curious characters. These I put one evening into Machmout's hand, when he was exhibiting to us his curious powers of "thought transference." The effect was that he screamed aloud, crying out that the black magic had come, and though I did not feel certain about that, I thought they would be safer in mid-Nile. Weston grumbled a little, and said that he had wanted to take them to the British Museum, but that I feel sure was an afterthought.

THE END

Human Flesh for Love & Hiltres

LAST week, in the presence of some eighty Chiefs and Headmen, at Harding (writes a Natal correspondent), were hung two natives, Umtanti and Sibalweni, for a murder which sent a thrill of horror throughout the country. Umtanti and his pupil Sibalweni followed the repulsive calling of witch doctors, and a few months ago murdered a European farmer, Kay, for the purpose of obtaining certain parts of his body for the manufacture of love charms. The unfortunate man was dragged from his bed by Umtanti and Sibalweni, assisted by their two comrades Gomfi and Umbonwa, and after being stabbed several times with an assegai his throat was cut from ear to ear and the body left on the veldt. Part of the dead man's neck was cut away and subsequently found in the witch doctor's bag with other medicines. The flesh of a European is considered by natives a charm powerful enough to compel the love of an unwilling maiden.

Murders of this description, though by no means common, occur from time to time, and, at a recent date a little child, who



WITCH DOCTORS WHO MURDERED A EUROPEAN

mysteriously disappeared from its parents in the Barberton district, was supposed to have been stolen away by natives for the same purpose. Umtanti, the doctor, who was something of a South African Charles Peace, confessed to other murders which had not been brought to light, including the Chief Umshweshwe's sister. His face is in keeping with his character—crafty and cruel to a degree. His pupil, Sibalweni, also has a repulsive face, while the other two men, Gomfi and Umbonwa, who received life sentences, have a pleasanter appearance.

What will be the future of a race so imbued with heathenish superstition, and who are living side by side with Europeans and civilisation, is a problem which requires the earnest attention of every thinking Colonist. South Africa has a teeming native population, and the question of race promises to become as difficult as it is in the States at the present time.

A police trooper, who discovered Kay's body lying in the moonlight, was so unnerved by the ghastly sight it presented, with gaping wounds and clad only in a shirt, that he was unable to sleep or eat for some time after, and at nights awakened his comrades with screams. The execution created a profound impression on the assembled Chiefs and Headmen, who were summoned purposely by the Government. Natives do not believe their companions are hanged for misdeeds of this sort, but merely exiled to some remote spot, where they eventually die.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It would be difficult to discover a more fascinating free exhibition than the State Rooms at Kensington Palace, which Her Majesty the Queen has graciously had thrown open for public inspection. Quite early on one of the finest mornings of the week did I find myself there, and was absolutely charmed with this latest addition to our gratuitous shows. The restoration has been most admirably accomplished, and the hand of the restorer is no where visible, the whole of the repairing has been carried out in so reverential a spirit that there is no suspicion of new work or a hint of fresh varnish throughout the Palace. There is a delightful tone about the entire suite of rooms, there is a sense of mellowness pervading them that gives you the reposeful old-world feeling such as you experience at Hampton Court, Knole, Penshurst, and other fine old residences that I could name. The whole place abounds in pictures. I do not mean the pictures on the walls, which are interesting enough, but the pictorial effect one gets in odd nooks and corners and the pleasant peeps one has of luxuriant gardens, of glittering water and of quaint courtyards through the tall, broad-sashed, dignified windows. If you are a bit bored with the ever-lasting chatter and the distressing up-to-dateness of the morning Park, if you are weary of watching the riders in the Row, just stroll on to the Palace and sit on one of those broad window seats and gaze alternately upon the room and the gardens outside. You will find it very soothing, and you will discover your lesson in history is mighty pleasant to learn to the plash of water and rustle of foliage.

"Set to kickin' and bolted into a shop front. Did he now? Ah! he always was a light-hearted loss." We all of us recollect the admirable sketch of John Leech's of the good-humoured livery stable keeper and the much bruised and irate hirer of his horse. Such a light-hearted quadruped as that alluded to must be difficult to deal with, but it must be absolute child's play in comparison with a light-hearted motor-car. We read of one that was so overpowered by its high spirits the other evening that it absolutely ran away, and after causing great alarm by its eccentric gyrations in Aldersgate Street and, possibly being in want of a little light refreshment, finally entered a tavern through the window and considerably disturbed sundry people who were enjoying what Mr. Richard Swiveller would have called "a modest quencher" at evenside. As the vehicle in question belonged to the Post Office, and inasmuch as considerable damage was caused by this light-hearted conduct, it is to be hoped that rigid inquiry may be instituted with regard to the catastrophe. Surely there should be some independent gear that might be brought into play when the motor-car takes the bit in its teeth, so to speak, and rampages wildly in the public street.

Are people more in a hurry in the City than elsewhere? Are they more erratic in their movements, or do they perpetually neglect the rule of keeping to the right? I am sure I cannot tell how these things may be, but I know the City is a terribly uncomfortable place to walk in. Of course there are odd lanes, secluded squares and out-of-the-way corners, which few know better than I do, where you may stroll pleasantly enough, but if you try Cheapside, Cornhill, Lombard Street or any of the crowded thoroughfares, you are likely to suffer severely. I was through Cheapside and Cornhill the other morning, and I think I never was so bumped about in my life. I had my toes trodden on, likewise my heels; I was hustled, scrouged and elbowed. Nobody apologised in the least, but everyone seemed to look upon it as a part of the day's work. I can imagine life in the City during business hours to be full of excitement and anxiety, but why people should work off their superfluous energy by a series of wild assaults on one another I am unable to understand.

It is good news to hear, in this iconoclastic age, that the fine old mansion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester Square, is not after all to be demolished. The whole place, however, is being thoroughly repaired and reverently renovated. In the course of these operations it was found that several of the steps in that fine old staircase, with its bowed balustrade, were found to be faulty. These have been removed, and strong slabs of marble fitted in their places. I wonder what became of the old ones? Surely they must have been secured by some collector of curios or some lover of old-world memories, and given a permanent home somewhere. Steps that have supported the stately, measured, tragic tread of Mrs. Siddons, that have been lightly tripped over by sweet Nelly O'Brien, provoking Kitty Fisher, and laughing Kitty Clive, that have gladly borne the burden of such graceful beauties as the Misses Horneck, the Ladies Waldegrave, Sir Joshua's two pretty nieces, and others, that have supported the ponderous form of Dr. Johnson, that have re-echoed the footfall of Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, Edmund Burke, and most of the celebrities of the latter part of the eighteenth Century, surely deserve to be well looked after when in their old age they retire from business.

The hot weather we have of late experienced is very pleasant, but it has its disadvantages. Among these is the plague of moths from which we have recently suffered. These nuisances, I believe, belong to an entirely new species, such as I believe we have not had in England before. They are small, short-winged and very difficult to catch, but they have a tremendous appetite for new clothes. Old and worn-out garments, which you would only be too glad to have eaten up they take no notice of whatever, but anything that has just come home from the tailor they devour with the keenest relish. I had a new coat hanging on a chair the other day, and when I went to put it on I found a troop of these beasts—yes, I know they are insects, but they are beasts, BEASTS, let there be no mistake about it—browsing luxuriously and holding a merry picnic on the new cloth. They were so occupied with their gormandising that they did not see me, and I am proud to say I killed the lot. But is there no cure for this nuisance? If it goes on much longer we shall not have any garments that we can wear.



LORD KNUTSFORD



SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC



MAJOR W. G. MACPHERSON



MISS H. WEDGWOOD

The Red Cross Committee

It was a happy thought of Lord Lansdowne to invite representatives of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, the St. John Ambulance Association, and the Army Nursing Reserve to meet the heads of the Army Medical Service at the War Office to discuss with them the lines upon which a central organisation for bringing voluntary aid throughout the Empire into touch with army medical requirements might be created. In great wars the duties of the regular medical service are naturally considerably increased, and it is now generally acknowledged that voluntary aid as a means of meeting this extra strain is indispensable. The War Office recognise that every facility should be afforded by the military and naval authorities for giving practical effect to the undoubted national sympathy with the sufferings, resulting from wounds and disease, of our soldiers and sailors engaged in war. The voluntary aid, however, which popular sentiment elicits would come upon our military authorities in the form of a mass of more or less unorganised and untrained elements which would probably be so unsuited to the actual requirements of the Army Medical Service as seriously to embarrass its administration. On the Continent voluntary aid has been successfully organised under National Central Committees of the Red Cross, and is kept permanently in touch with the regular Army Medical Services, in such a way as to enable the latter to know exactly the amount, nature and condition of the supplementary aid available from voluntary sources in time of war.

With a view of obtaining similar results in this country, Lord Lansdowne invited the Societies referred to above to a conference, and the outcome of the deliberations has been the formation of a Central British Red Cross Committee, which has been recognised by the Secretary of State for War as the official channel through which offers of voluntary aid in time of war will be accepted by the War Office. The Committee is formed of representatives of the Societies and of the War Office. The Army Nursing Reserve is represented by Princess Christian and Miss H. Wedgwood, who have kindly consented to act on the Committee. Princess Christian has always taken a deep interest in nurses, and as President of the Royal British Nurses' Association, her experience and influence cannot fail to be of service to the Committee. Miss H. Wedgwood, her colleague, is matron of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. Lord Wantage, V.C.,

Lord Rothschild, and Sir William MacCormac act as representatives of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War. Lord Wantage is a most distinguished officer, who won the V.C. during the Crimean campaign, and was until recently Brigadier-General commanding the Home Counties Volunteer Brigade. Lord Rothschild, whose philanthropy is as proverbial as his wealth, may be said to supply the Committee with the business qualities which are so necessary to the success of any organisation, while Sir William MacCormac, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an excellent representative of the medical profession as distinct from the Army Medical Service. The third Society, the St. John

service in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and was appointed Medical Officer to the troops in Egypt in 1896, which post he held until quite recently. Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins also served in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, and received his commission at headquarters in 1896. Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford, who was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General for mobilisation at headquarters in 1897, served in the Afghan Campaign of 1882, as A.D.C. to Sir John Aclay; in the Sudan Campaign of 1884-5 as A.D.C. to Major-General Lyon Playfair, and afterwards as Brigade-Major to the Brigade of Cavalry; and in the last Ashanti Campaign.

Lord Wantage has been appointed Chairman of the Committee, and Major William G. MacPherson, M.B., of the Royal Army Medical Corps, Secretary. The latter, who attained his present rank in 1895, was appointed a member of the Army Sanitary Committee in 1897.

The Committee have been holding their meetings in the board room of the medical division of the War Office, 18, Victoria Street, Westminster, and their efforts have been directed towards the organisation of voluntary aid in time of peace, so as to facilitate its being placed at the disposal of the military authorities in the form which is most likely to meet the supplementary requirements of the Army medical service in time of war. It is hoped that ultimately the formation of this Central British Red Cross Committee will have the effect of bringing local committees of the societies which are, or may be, represented on the central committee and established throughout the Empire, into touch with the authorities which the military authorities must of necessity impose upon the popular desire to aid the sick and wounded. It is felt that throughout Her Majesty's dominions the resources of voluntary aid are very large, but that some organised effort is necessary in this country to enable full effect to be given to the humane impulses upon which they are based, and to make them conform to the principles that have been formulated at the Geneva Convention under the emblem of the Red Cross.

Our portraits are by the following firms:—Princess Christian, by Ballingham, Harrington Road; Sir John Furley, by W. and A. G. Knutsford by Bassano; Lord Wantage, by W. and A. G. Knutsford; Lord Rothschild, by Russell and Sons, Baker Street; Sir William MacCormac, by Lafayette, New Bond Street; Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, by Johnston and Hoffman, Calcutta; Surgeon-General Muir, by J. Heyman and Co., Cairo; and Miss H. Wedgwood by Alice Hughes.



H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN



LORD WANTAGE, V.C.

Ambulance Association, is fittingly represented by its President, Lord Knutsford, who is a lawyer and a statesman, and by Sir John Furley, one of the earliest advocates of the Red Cross movement in this country, who was knighted this year. The War Office is represented on the Committee by the Deputy Director-General, Surgeon-General H. S. Muir, the Assistant Director, Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Gubbins, of the Army Medical Service, and by the officer in charge of the Mobilisation Service, Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford. Surgeon-General Muir saw



SIR JOHN FURLEY



LORD ROTHSCHILD



LIEUT.-COL. W. L. GUBBINS



SURGEON-GENERAL H. S. MUIR

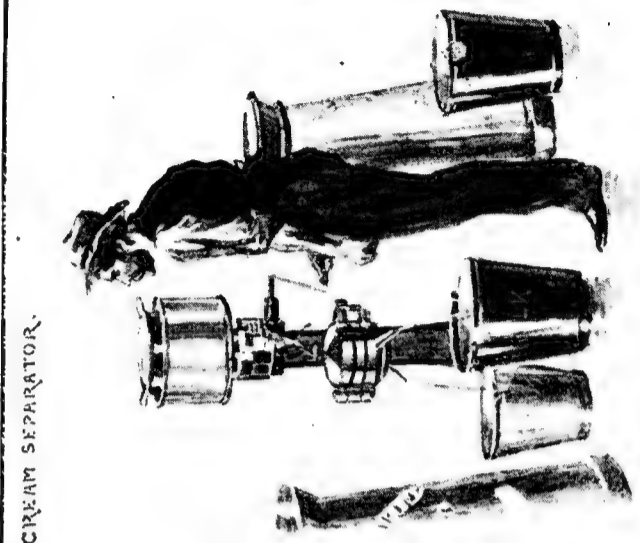


DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

A brilliant ceremony took place in the Great Palace Church at Zarskoe Selo, on the Tsar's birthday, when his brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, and his cousin, the Grand Duke André Vladimirovitch, took the oath of allegiance on attaining their majority. The Tsar and his mother were present, escorted by all the Grand Dukes. Our illustration shows the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch taking the oath on coming of age.

FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY CUMMING

THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY AT ZARSKOE SELO: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH TAKING THE OATH ON COMING OF AGE



CREAM SEPARATOR.



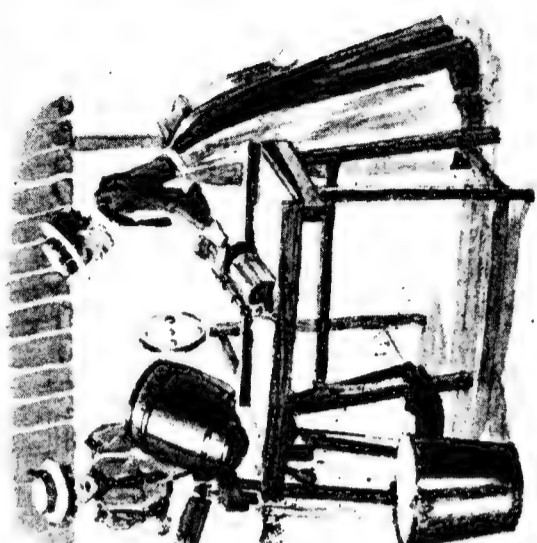
SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE.



PRIZE SHEEP.



TWO PRIZE WINNERS.



MARE AND FOAL.



TWO PRIZE WINNERS.



FIRST PRIZE.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THIS is the day of agitations. No sooner has the St. Paul's excitement been allayed than the ever-recurring Royal Academy campaign has begun. The calming of the St. Paul's storm followed directly on the authorities' acceptance of the last petition that was lodged, and the artist is now permitted to proceed calmly with the essential portions of his design. This was the object of certain of the signatories who, sympathising with Sir William Richmond in his main work and objecting only to the lettering and stencilling of the arches, &c., foresaw that a compromise to the ultimate advantage of the artist and the final result, would be the consequence of the movement. That object has been gained, and the majority may be satisfied.

If the attack on the Royal Academy (but result in securing the reforms with which a strong party within the body are heartily in sympathy, it will be an excellent thing for the Academy as well as for the outsiders. But it is unfortunate that many of the statements of the assailants are so widely untrue that the force and the character of their assault are vitiated at the beginning. To say, as one much-quoted writer does, that the Royal Academy should be subject to Parliamentary control because the Academy's galleries were erected at the public expense, is ridiculous simply because it is utterly false. To challenge the world, as Mr. Laidlay does, to deny that the Academy has not introduced a single reform since the Report of the Royal Commission of 1863, is not less untrue. A whole string of radical reforms has been introduced since then. It is the injudiciousness, in spite of the sincerity, of workers such as these that gives a false turn to an honest movement—a movement which is now re-initiated at the very moment when I believe the Academy has decided to better its rules. Even Lord Stanley of Alderley's speech was tainted with error. Surely it is the first duty of the reformer to be sure of his facts lest evil befall him.

Again, the announcement that the Academy has decided to extend its exhibition-rooms has given rise to fresh alarm. We do not want more pictures, cry the public. But it is the much-needed space for sculpture that is to be provided—sculpture, which has been unwillingly strangled by the Academy ever since its foundation in 1768. The room that will be freed may, by evil chance, be given over to painting; but it is most earnestly to be hoped that the arts and crafts section which has so gravely encroached within the past few years on the restricted space allotted to sculpture will be accorded a room to itself. Of the popularity of such provision there need not be a doubt.

Yet if any of the increased space were employed for the display of a given number of foreign works a new element of interest would be imparted to the annual exhibition. It might possibly prove a bad business for the Royal Academy and for English painters generally, for the taste of collectors might probably be diverted, and English artists would suffer as, in circumstances not entirely dissimilar, American native painters have suffered by the prevailing passion for French art.

But what do we find in Paris? Englishmen and Americans are alike welcomed, not, we would fain hope, because the French know that they have nothing to fear from Anglo-Saxon competition, but because they do really admire what we are doing, and desire to get the best out of it. It thus comes about that in the New Salon (the smaller one) there are no fewer than ninety-six pictures by Americans and fifty-eight by English painters. And it is not only by numbers, but by subject and sentiment that the Anglo-Saxon makes himself distinctly felt in the French world of art.

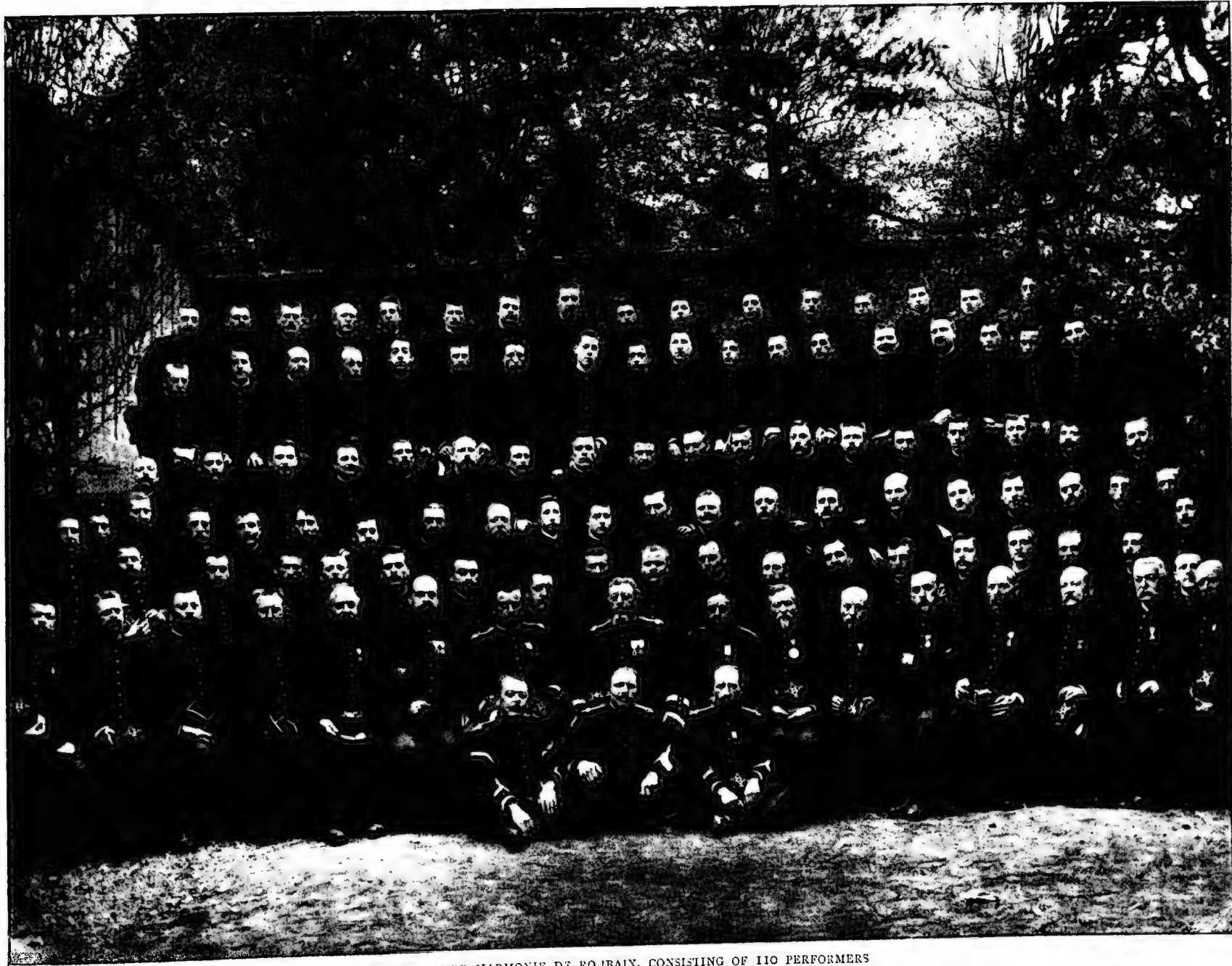
The Paris Salons, whatever the quality of the art exhibited there, are always interesting from the sociological point of view, for they unflinchingly reflect what the nation is for the most part thinking of, politics and "the Affaire" of course excluded. On the more sombre side we have numerous pictures of "The Dead Christ" (for there is always a large market for such pictures for chapels, &c.); death-bed scenes; and war-horrors. "Maternité" is vastly popular; then pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte, representations of factory-life, with miners and scenes in ironworks in profusion, as well as of sea life; military reviews, sports, artists' studios, and endless nudities, either sirens or nymphs, or frank studies. Of modern antiques—that is to say, of imitations of old masters—there are fewer than ever. On the other hand, the undiluted imitations are more numerous. Thus Madame Malfilatre unhesitatingly copies Harpignies; Madame Dubourg reproduces M. Fantin-Latour's flowers; and M. Cot in his "Love and Death" appropriates the idea of Burne-Jones's "In the Depths of the Sea."

Apart from such homage, Burne-Jones, it should be recorded, is again in everyone's mouth on account of the late Gustave Moreau. These two men are always being inter-compared in Paris; to the degree, indeed, that the director of the Luxembourg has been making an elaborate study of their points of resemblance in the magnificent "Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." The occasion of this revived interest is the handing over to the public of the wonderful house and vast exhibition studios of the deceased Gustave Moreau, packed full with many hundreds of his pictures, studies, and drawings—the work of a busy lifetime. It is an astounding collection, superbly arranged, and of so much interest

that I must return to the subject when the great bequest, of which I have been favoured with an ante-private view, is definitely declared open.

The Royal Show at Maidstone

THE beautiful show ground at Maidstone looked its very best on the occasion of Tuesday, when the Prince of Wales visited the Royal Show. The heat of the preceding days was tempered by a fresh breeze, and rain, that fell rather heavily in the night, had laid the dust without causing anything like mud. The much-abused "South-Eastern" made of the train arrangements a success in striking contrast with the dismal failures of the smart Northern and Midland lines last year, when the Show was held near Birmingham. With locality, weather and railway arrangements favourable, with Royal patronage and with distinguished visitors from the Continent, the show at Maidstone might be deemed an assured success. Unfortunately, we believe that this is not the case, and that once more a deficiency will have to be met. A postponed show is scarcely ever fortunate, and this year there has been a falling off both in the number and in the average merit of the entries, while the public attendance has been quite twenty-five per cent. below expectation. The remarks made in our Rural column about the fallacy of an expensive prize list were exemplified in a quite startling manner by a parade of only forty horses to compete for thirty-one prizes, while the reason which we have always given had the highest possible illustration. The high-class exhibitor is not to be attracted by gifts of ten or even hundred pound notes. The three features in which the Show was really excellent were the Shorthorn cattle, the Kentish sheep, and the various breeds of Down and short-wooled sheep. The implements also attracted more than usual notice. The French band, the Grand Harmonie de Roubaix, which had come over especially to be present at the Show, and of which we give an illustration, consists of 110 performers, the president being M. Henri Catteau. This fine band, under the direction of its conductor, M. Coszul, played a selection during the Prince of Wales's visit to the Show, and prefaced their performance with "God Save the Queen." At the conclusion of the programme the Prince of Wales proceeded to an open tent facing the band, and the latter there played a further selection, including "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and, by special request, a repetition of the National Anthem. Before leaving for the great ring to witness the parade of horses, the Prince of Wales sent for M. Catteau and M. Coszul, both of whom were presented to his Royal Highness amid the cheers of the band. Finally, in reply to the loud calls of the visitors, the band played the "Marseillaise." The band played at Earl's Court on Wednesday and would play at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, at both of which places special programmes were arranged for the French, Belgian, and Dutch visitors to the Show.



THE GRANDE HARMONIE DE ROUBAIX, CONSISTING OF 110 PERFORMERS

THE FRENCH BAND AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT MAIDSTONE

Australian Federation

THE burning question in the Australian Colonies is that of Federation. To alter or amend the Constitution in these colonies special appeals are made to the people after the legislature has decided upon such a course. In this respect these colonies have the advantage of Canada, where even if the people and both Houses are unanimous for an amendment of the Constitution, they cannot alter it, but have to ask the Imperial Parliament to do it. In some of the Australian Colonies the Federal Enabling Bill—as the measure is called—has been already, or is about to be, referred to the people. In South Australia the referendum on the amended Federal Enabling Bill resulted in 65,000 votes being recorded for and 17,000 against the measure, while there were about 11,000 informal votes cast. In Queensland the necessary steps have been taken to provide for the referendum. In New South Wales, in which colony the Federal capital is to be situated, but at least 100 miles from Sydney, the greatest excitement prevailed in anticipation of the referendum, which was taken on Tuesday. Meetings for and against the Bill were held night after night throughout the colony. Mr. G. H. Reid, the Premier, addressed large gatherings in various centres, and all the Ministers strenuously supported the Bill. The accompanying illustration depicts a great demonstration in the Town Hall at Sydney in favour of Federation. Six thousand people were present. The Mayor of Sydney was in the chair,

and he was supported by the Premier, the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. W. Buerber), the Minister for Justice (Mr. C. A. Lee), and other members of the legislative body. Mr. Reid explained carefully the question of Federation, and showed what would be the position of New South Wales under the Bill. A small section of the audience frequently interrupted

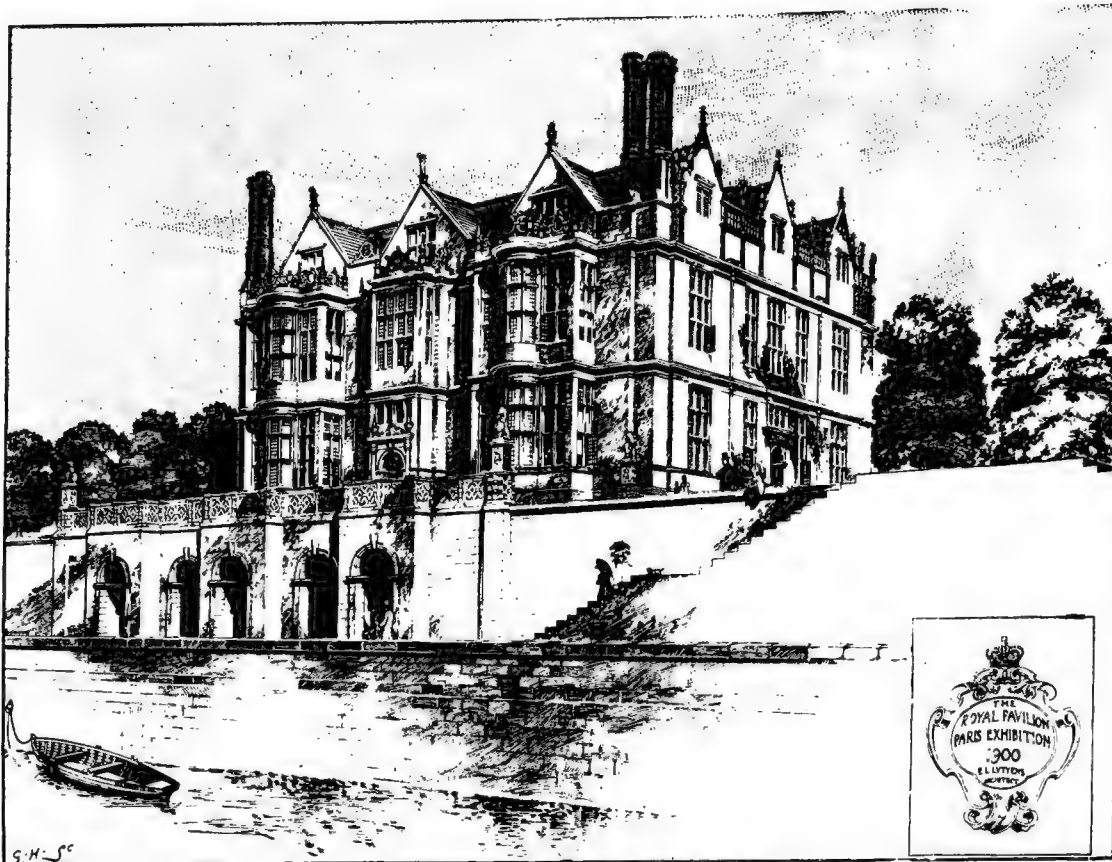
The Royal British Pavilion for the Paris Exhibition

A NOTEWORTHY feature of the Great Paris Exhibition of next year will be the Pavilions of the Foreign Powers which will line the Quai d'Orsay on the left bank of the Seine.

Special attention has been devoted by the British Royal Commission to the construction and decoration of our Royal Pavilion, which will be quite unique of its kind, the idea being to reproduce an old English Manor House, furnished and fitted throughout with all the comfort and luxury which would be found in an English country house of the present day. The Pavilion has been designed by Mr. Edwin L. Lutyens, and the work has been placed in the hands of an influential committee. The building will be constructed with a framework of steel, designed by Sir Benjamin Baker, C.E., covered with cement, and the various rooms will be placed at the disposal of the best-known English firms to decorate and furnish.

The Pavilion will be always open to the public, except when in use by the Prince of Wales, the President of the Royal Commission.

A special feature is to have a great gallery adapted from the Cartoon Gallery at Knole House, Sevenoaks, where a loan collection of the finest examples of eighteenth century English art will be exhibited. The façade of the building is an exact replica of the Hall, Bradford-on-Avon.



THE BRITISH ROYAL PAVILION AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900

the speakers, but after the resolution favouring Federation had been proposed and seconded, the Premier asked all in favour of Australian Union, on the terms of the Amended Bill, to hold up both hands. The result was a forest of hands, while only about 200 hands went up against the Bill.



"HANDS UP FOR FEDERATION!": SCENE AT A MASS MEETING IN SYDNEY TOWN HALL

FROM A SKETCH BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD



THE LATEST SPORT FOR WOMEN: A BOUT IN A LONDON FENCING SCHOOL

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

SUMMER has come with all its brightness and beauty, its heats and acid drinks, and strawberries and flirtations and pretty painted muslins. Ascot was its apotheosis, the apotheosis of fair women. Dress was ideal, the dress for a day in June, full of sunshine and warmth. Flowery parasols, hats black or white, nodding with feathers or glorious with roses, white and pale blue and écarle with little bows and reminders of black strewed about like love-knots on a valentine, sweet simplicity, *sainte mousseline*, clinging draperies, faint attempts at the scarves and kerchiefs and bonnets of our grandmothers, tight bodices, soft, swaying sashes—such were the modes at Ascot. And they were clearly right, clearly artistic, clearly the thing for summer. Never was taste as well satisfied or the eye better pleased than now. That a few horses ran wildly striving for victory, and that perspiring jockeys fought and won and gathered the laurels of success, or succumbed ignominiously, did not disturb the harmony of the well-dressed crowd, or make one woman regret her well-spent outlay on clothes. And when women are satisfied, men never fail to be so.

And now that we have all returned to the evil-smelling streets, the dust of wood-pavement, the cloying and noisome odours of the asphalt, perchance for a moment we return in memory to the sweet country smells that seized our nostrils. For June in the country is specially fragrant. First and foremost come the hay-fields, the delight of children and of all those grown-ups who have not lost the power of simple enjoyment, the scent of the beans almost overpoweringly sweet as we pass along the dusty road, the clover fields in blossom, the perfume of the May trees still in flower, of the acacia trees, whose grape-like bunches border the lane, of the laurel, potentially narcotic, of the syringa, queen of garden shrubs, of the homely honeysuckle by the cottage door. Memory binds us with scents, and no scents can carry us back years so quickly as do the common country scents of June. The air is impregnated with them, it enters our lungs, it grips our senses, it fills us with pure enjoyment, and sometimes almost acutely and painfully recalls the days of happy childhood. Who would breathe Piccadilly air that could lie in a hayfield and dream of the time that was?

In the controversy anent athletic women, one lady writer strikes a remarkable note, a note to cause the most heedless girl to ponder. She says: "I have known charming good women. I have known charming bad women. I have known one or two enchanting geniuses and several delightful fools. But I have never known any woman who, after two years of athletics, retained any pretension whatever to charm." Now charm was a quality our mothers thought a great deal about. Whatever defects or weaknesses they possessed, they had charm. All the great heroines of the world, Cleopatra, Marie Antoinette, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mary Stuart had charm. They had all that elusive, unspeakable something which turned the heads of men, and made them loveable and beloved. Who has not known good women, excellent women, yet absolutely without charm? Charm is the one characteristic which triumphs over age, looks, position, intellectuality or virtue. Every fine actress has charm, and the best actresses, the geniuses of the stage, were not always pretty women. It would be a calamity indeed if women lost the grace, the elegance, the finesse, the charm in short which has captivated and delighted generation after generation. Further, says the writer, and it appears to me there is much truth in her remarks, "the athletic woman passes through the human epochs of love-making, marriage, and motherhood with the most astonishing insensibility." That is it; charm is sensibility, life touched with emotion, all that makes life worth living.

Shall we lose the art of letter-writing altogether? Almost one may fear it. The youngest of us wire messages of love and regret, and the telephone is rapidly becoming a household necessity. Yet, as Mrs. Browning remarks, "everybody likes writing to somebody," or rather everybody ought to. Everybody likes to receive a "well-blotted thought" from one he loves, something more intimate, more unstudied and more sincere than can be conveyed by public hand. The first love-letter, for instance. Would a six-penny wire take the place of it, or a telephone message that of the long epistle the boy writes his mother when he goes out into the world, or of the soft, loving warning words she indites, putting all her heart into them? No, let us always keep pleasure and business separate. For business, wires and telephones; for pleasure and love, the old rambling, easy, disjointed, self-ful letter of the past. Women must look to it; it is they who are the great and splendid correspondents.

June is as busy a month for women as May is for the clergy. The society woman has not a minute to herself. Balls, dinners, and operas occupy her all night, and shows, concerts, and charitable meetings all day. Then, besides, come the purely feminine pursuits, the cat club and the dog show. The cats have three days all to themselves the end of this month, which they celebrate in high revelry in the lovely Bctanical Gardens, where prizes to the value of 100l. will be given away, and the Duchess of York has promised it possible to attend. The dogs will also hold their summer show, a show of fashionable ladies' pets on the same day, at the same place, under the presiding wing of the Ladies' Kennel Association. They receive 3,000l. in challenge and class prizes, a truly magnificent result of feminine industry and enthusiasm.

Dinners are not forgotten either. The women writers gave their annual dinner at the Criterion this week, when the principal literary ladies attended. Evening parties, soirées, and receptions

are announced in honour of the ladies connected with the International Congress. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Battersca, Lady Falmouth, and Lady Rothschild comprise some of the energetic hostesses who will endeavour to lighten the labours of the workers.

Presentation to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. PHILIPS, Colonel W. R. Wright, and Colonel W. Campbell, representing the past and present officers of the Corps of Royal Marines, attended at Clarence House recently to present the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, their Honorary Colonel, with a pair of silver statuettes, as a memento of his silver wedding.



The statuettes, which were designed and executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., Regent Street, represent a gunner Royal Marine Artillery and a private Royal Marine Light Infantry, in marching order. Each is mounted on an ebonite plinth, bearing a suitable inscription, as well as the corps badge and the Coburg and Russian Arms. In a few well-chosen words, Sir J. Philips made the presentation on behalf of the officers of the whole corps, to which the Duke replied, expressing his thanks for so handsome a gift, and desiring that the chairman at the annual dinner should communicate the same to the officers. His Royal Highness's message was subsequently conveyed to them in suitable terms at the corps dinner, by General G. Mairis, the presiding officer, and received with loud applause.

Ladies Fencing

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

BY ANNESLEY KENEALY

THE woman duellist is as yet a rarity. But several teachers of fencing in London are exercised in their minds as to whether at the same time that they are training the feminine idea toward the use of the sword, they are not raising up a race of women able and willing to revive the art of duelling.

"I know two lady experts," says a well-known professor, "who would think nothing of running a man through if he made them really angry."

The problem must be left to the philosopher—and the future. Fencing is a comparatively new pursuit for women, and being one of the latest additions to the British Pharmacopoeia may be taken either as an amusement or as a medical prescription. It is, perhaps, a speciality of femininity not to remain faithful to any one sport. While a man goes on playing the same game virtually all his life, the average woman would as soon think of wearing a five-year-old hat as of indulging in a sport that was not "in." Cycling, except as a means of locomotion, is already baptised a "dowdy" hobby, and fencing is rapidly coming to the fore as the most *chic* and up-to-date sport for women.

The fashion comes, as fashions do, from Paris, although the Belgian women quickly adopted the French discovery that fencing is the most graceful among gymnastics. Fencing, as practised by the Viennese, is the realisation of the poetry of movement, since the

Austrian woman, instead of moulding herself to the masculine exigencies of the foil, modifies the art to sex and confines herself mainly to the graceful and delicate "salute."

With the typical thoroughness of her race the Englishwoman adopts sword exercise in its entirety, including the "attack" stage, which forms the chief stumbling-block in the way of fencing for femininity. In England it is not considered "good form" for women to fence before a masculine audience; but modified as in Vienna it is a perfectly suitable pastime for men and women to follow together. The full translation of fencing—as carried out there—is not altogether adapted for a "mixed" amusement, since the "lunge" and attack are neither graceful nor feminine. During the past five or six years fencing has grown rapidly popular in London, and at one of the principal schools in the metropolis nearly one hundred women pupils constantly practise with the foil. For the cultivation of grace of carriage fencing stands unrivalled; the attitude of throat and head during the contest is absolutely perfect, while the play of hand and wrist constitutes a very pretty exercise.

Many fencing pupils take the course as a counteracting influence to the proverbial ungainliness engendered of golf and hockey, drivers and clubs being exchanged without regret for the fascination of the foils. It cannot be denied that English women lack the physical litheness and subtlety of movement natural to the woman of the Southern races. For this reason it is unfortunate that hitherto they have adopted the rougher games of golf and hockey, which are certainly not calculated to cultivate daintiness or womanly charm. A round of the fencing schools reveals how much the art is needed to act as a foil to cruder field athletics. The woman who has only golfed and hockeyed shows to great disadvantage when "set" in the first fencing positions. She is as automatic in her pose as is one of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks. Some pupils never get beyond this stage. The woman of quick eye and brain—for fencing is very much a matter of brains—soon corrects the unlovely attitudes of the novice, and takes on a new, and altogether foreign, lissomeness and grace. Serge holds the field of favour for fencing costumes—a cycling skirt to the knee, or longer, as the wearer wills, with knickerbockers of the same material, forming the conventional uniform. A white drill or holland fencing jacket, with a waisted chamois cuirass, as a protection against the point of the foil, black silk stockings, with black or white heel-less fencing shoes, complete the costume. White gloves, somewhat suggestive of boxing-gloves, with black or white leather gauntlets, shield the hands from dexterous thrusts and lunges. New pupils frequently transgress the canons by the wearing of a corset beneath the cuirass. The expert regards this as fencing "of the tableau vivant type."

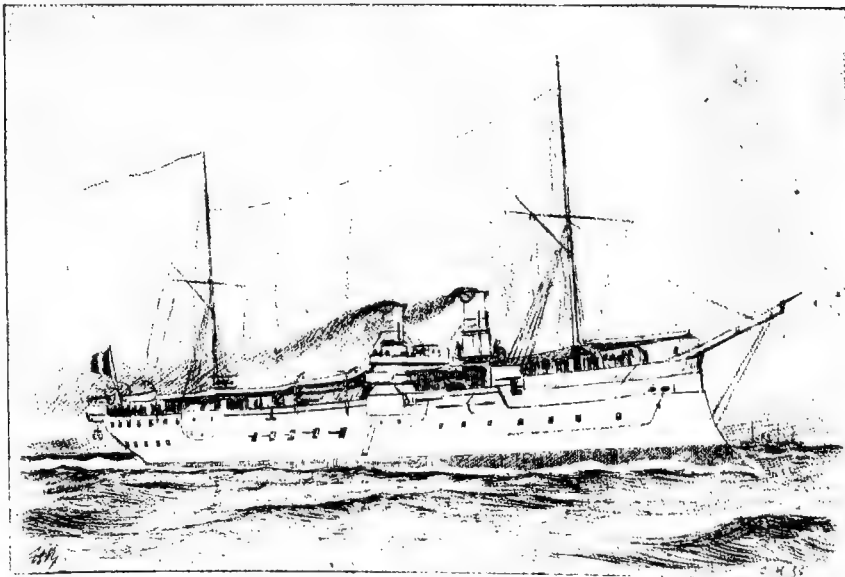
Above the portals of every fencing school might be written "Abandon the conventional 'waist' all ye who enter here," since an eighteen-inch measurement is out of harmony with the "exercise of weapons." The wire gauze mask is a stern and undecorative reality of fencing, but the sporting woman regards appearance as subservient to sport: the woman who aspires to be a "living picture" abjures athletics altogether. Despite the drawbacks of cuirass and mask, many women fencers look so infinitely charming it is much to be regretted that English fencing is not arranged on Austrian lines, so as to permit of its performance in a general company. Tall women look better "under arms" than their shorter sisters. Owing to the rule that the shorter of the combatants makes "the attack" a small woman is kept perpetually "thrusting" and lunging. Her taller adversary stands on the defensive, and to be a defender rather than an aggressor is—to be a woman. A noted expert on fencing says that women become less excited than do men during sword practice, and are able better to suppress the outward and visible signs of annoyance at being foiled. The novice—whether a ten-year-old girl or a lady of sixty, and this wide range of age obtains in the schools—takes her first lessons with aching arms and breathless lungs, and even the practised woman fencer finds an hour's "loose play" so severe a tax on mind and muscle that several little rest intervals are necessary.

Fencing is perhaps the most symmetrical of all exercises, and is thus specially suited to girls and women who do not need or desire to develop a large biceps or heavy chest muscles. Professional fencers lay great stress on the necessity for teaching feminine pupils to fence with both hands, so as to produce what is technically known as an "even waist development." But all the professors and all their assistants together are not able to hazard an opinion as to whether fencing as a pastime for women is going to "stay." So far in the history of women's sports fashions have been short-lived, and the graceful art of the foil may speedily pass to a "last year's mode." Meanwhile it is an exceedingly "smart" hobby.

FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW
BY CAPT. ALFRED HUTTON

Captain Hutton, the well-known authority on fencing, writes:—"You ask me to write on 'Ladies fencing.' Well! That is just the very thing that a man cannot do, because the ladies who cultivate fencing do not favour the presence of men in their schools of arms, so that we poor inferior creatures have no opportunity of judging of their merits. So far as I can see, there is no reason why a woman should not become as adept at foil play as a man. The exercise requires, above all things, flexibility of fingers and wrist, and this flexibility is undoubtedly of finer quality in the female than in the male.

"Foil fencing is not learned in a few lessons: it takes years, and I am afraid that very few ladies would have the patience to continue their studies for so long a time, though I grant that there may be here and there an exception. Just at present there seems to be a sort of fashionable craze for fencing among the fair sex, but I think it is only a passing one; not so long ago they were all mad about cycling, but we do not hear so much nowadays about their achievements in that line, although it only takes about as many days to learn to ride a 'bike' as it does years to become decently proficient in the use of the foil. No! believe me, ladies fencing won't last!"



The second-class cruiser *Sfax*, which was despatched from Martinique to convey Captain Dreyfus back to France, left Cayenne on June 9 with that officer on board, and was due to reach France on Thursday.

THE CRUISER "SFAX," WHICH BROUGHT BACK CAPTAIN DREYFUS FROM THE ILE DU DIABLE



M. J. ZENIL (MEXICO)
Mexican Minister at Brussels



BARON OTTO REEDTZ THOTT (DENMARK)
Attaché of the Foreign Office, Copenhagen



ABDULLAH PASHA (TURKEY)
General of Division and Aide-de-Camp General of H.M. the Sultan



COLONEL BRANDSTROM (SWEDEN AND NORWAY)



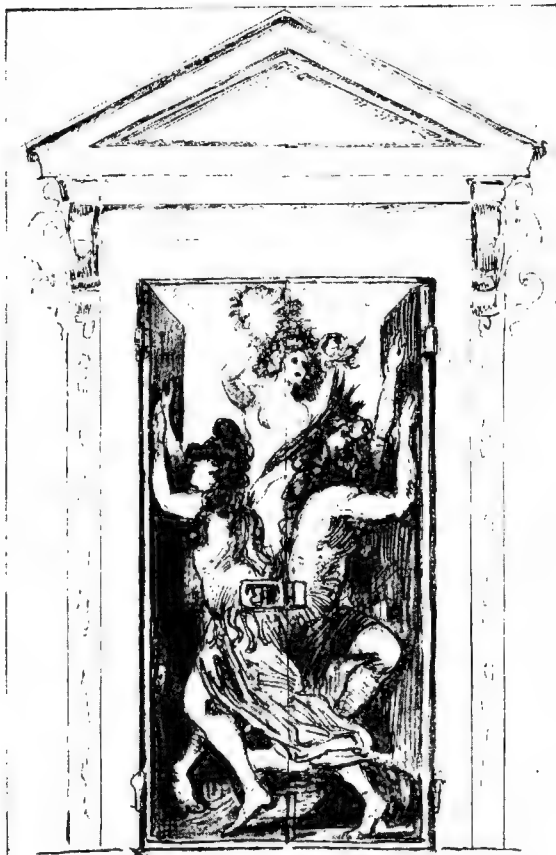
DR. DIMITRI STANCIOFF (BULGARIA)
Diplomatic Agent at St. Petersburg

The Peace Conference

THE Peace Conference appears to be pursuing the course predicted for it at the beginning by the great majority of outside observers. Thus the Commission dealing with the problem of Disarmament is stated to have failed to arrive at any practical result. On the other hand the prospects of the Arbitration Commission are still good. There is some hesitation among the German delegates, but it is believed that they will ultimately fall in line with their colleagues, and that Sir Julian Pauncefote's scheme, slightly amended, will be adopted.

To continue our notes on the delegates to the Conference, some of whose portraits we have already published, one of the most interesting figures at The Hague is the senior representative of Spain, Don Carlos O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan. Born at Valencia in 1834, he entered the army and spent the larger part of his early manhood in the Philippines. Returning to Spain he held several staff appointments, and in 1859 was sent to Italy to study the war. He fought in the war against Morocco, and specially distinguished himself at the storming of the Cato Negron Pass, which earned for him the San Fernando Order. He took part in the capture of Tetuan, and was severely wounded at the battle of Sacusa. After the Revolution he retired from the army with the rank of General and entered politics. After trying ineffectually to support the throne of Amadeus, he rallied to the Alphonists. The new régime sent him as Minister to Brussels, Vienna, and Lisbon. In 1879 he entered the Martinez Campos Cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Soldier, politician, and diplomatist, the Duke of Tetuan brings a wide range of special knowledge to the deliberations of the Peace Conference.

Among the junior delegates not yet mentioned in these columns are Dr. C. N. Rahusen, representing Holland, M. Edmond Odier, representing Switzerland, Dr. Stancioff, representing Bulgaria, and M. Zenil, representing Mexico. The two first-named are distinguished jurists. Dr. Rahusen is seventy years old, an advocate, President of the Deep Sea Fisheries College, an expert in financial and administrative questions, and an authority on maritime and assurance law, a Royal Commissioner for the Netherlands Bank, and member of the Upper House. He is a bachelor of exceedingly attractive presence, and in his young days was known at The Hague as "le bel Edouard." M. Odier is a member of the Swiss National Council. He is a Genevan and a Conservative, an active politician both in cantonal and in Federal matters, and an able advocate. He has long been connected with the Red Cross Society, and is an authority on the Geneva Convention. Dr. Dimitri Stancioff is also a jurist, and one of the coming men in Bulgaria. He is thirty-seven years old, a confidant of Prince Ferdinand and—what is most remarkable in the Balkans—a politician of unblemished reputation. He has represented his country in diplomatic capacities in Bucharest, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and he negotiated the Austro-Bulgarian and Russo-



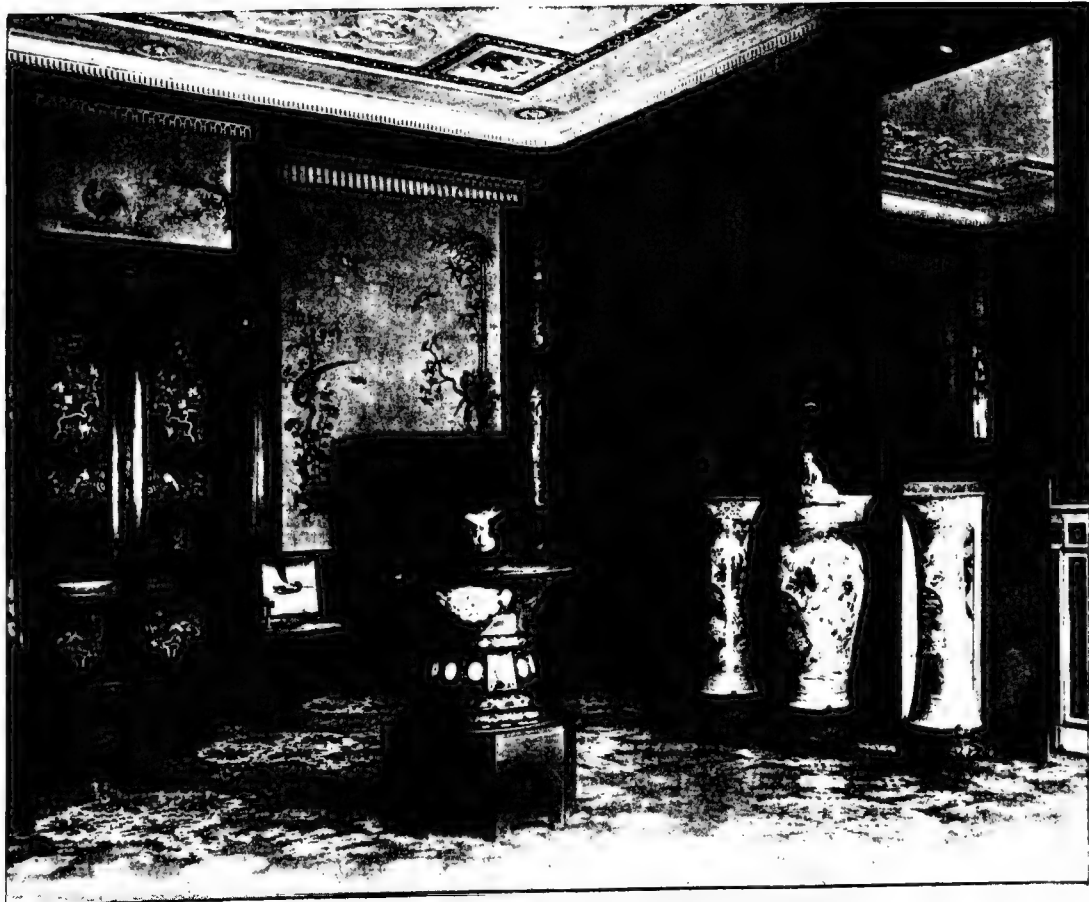
M. de Beaufort, in his opening speech, alluded to this door, on which is a painting representing Hercules and Minerva opening the door to Peace. The delegates enter the Hall by this door.

THE DOOR IN THE ORANGE HALL OF THE PALACE IN THE WOOD
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK

Bulgarian Commercial Treaties. He was educated in the Vienna Theresianum, and between 1887 and 1895 was Secretary to the Prince and Chief of his Private Cabinet. M. Zenil is Mexican Minister at Brussels. He is a diplomatist whose abilities suffer from a restricted stage, but his social successes atone for his professional obscurity. Neither of the Portuguese delegates is much known outside his own country. Senhor d'Ornellas-Vasconcellos is the senior representative. He is a peer of Portugal and a professional diplomatist. He has filled minor parts at the American, German, and British Legations, and he is now Minister at St. Petersburg. His colleague is the Count de Selir, the Portuguese Minister at The Hague.

Prominent amongst the military experts are Colonel Arnold Kunzli, representing Switzerland, and Major-General J. F. Thaulow, representing Norway. Colonel Kunzli, who has a European reputation, was born at Aargau in 1832. He has held every civil and military office of importance in the Confederation and at the same time has remained a merchant and manufacturer. He has been President of the Grand Council and also of the National Council, of which he has been a member for thirty years. In 1891 he was sent as Federal Commissioner to Ticino to restore order. As a military officer he has a considerable reputation. He is a good speaker and a Democrat. Major-General Thaulow represents the Norwegian Army Medical Service. Another military expert is Colonel P. H. E. Brändström, representing Sweden. He is commander of the First Regiment of Swedish Guards. Another military expert, whose portrait we publish to-day, is Abdullah Pasha, representing Turkey. He is a General of Division and one of the Sultan's personal Aides-de-Camp. He is of the German School of Strategy, and acted as Assistant Director of the Military Academy at Pansoldi when Goltz Pasha was in charge of that institution. In 1897 he was Chief of the Staff to Osman Pasha. Chief among the naval experts is Captain Mahan, who, of course, represents the United States. He requires no introduction to the English public. His "Influence of Sea Power on History," and his great biography of Nelson, have long placed him at the head of contemporary naval writers. During the recent war with Spain he acted as one of the chief members of the American Naval Council of War. Commander C. A. M. Iijulhammar represents Sweden and Norway as naval expert. Rear-Admiral Mehmed Pasha occupies the same position in the Turkish delegation. He has some reputation as a naval constructor, and was educated in England. The Japanese naval expert is Captain Sakamoto. He served with distinction in the war with China.

Dr. Frederick Wilhelm Holls, Secretary to the United States delegation, is a German, and a prominent member of the New York Bar. The son of a Lutheran preacher of some renown in Pennsylvania, he has earned considerable distinction as an orator in both the German and English languages. Of the same rank at the Conference is Baron Otto Reedtz Thott, Secretary to the Danish delegation. He is a near relative of the Prime Minister, and an Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Copenhagen.



THE JAPANESE HALL IN THE PALACE IN THE WOOD
THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE



COUNT DE SELIR (PORTUGAL)
Portuguese Minister at The Hague



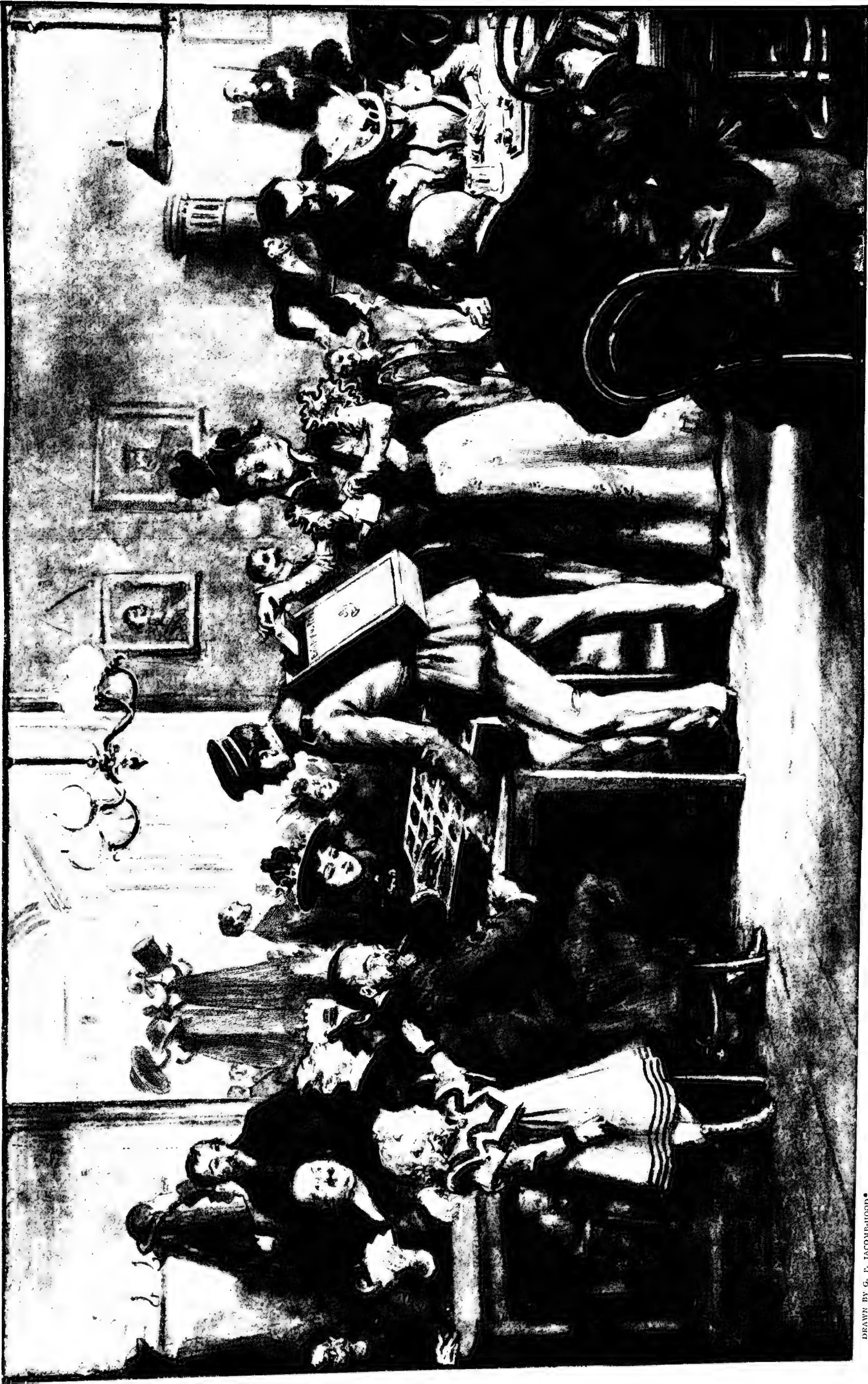
SENHOR D'ORNELLAS VASCONCELLOS (PORTUGAL)
Portuguese Minister at St. Petersburg



"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet."—BYRON

THE MINUET

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GARRATT



FROM A SKETCH BY E. GÖTTING

Everywhere in Germany one is sure to find the inevitable "view" post card with most of its space filled up by views of the local sights and monuments, and custom ordains that the German when travelling must send such cards to his friends from time to time. When two or three persons are spending a convivial evening together it is also usual for them to send cards of greeting to mutual acquaintances, who, but for some untoward circumstances, might have been of the party. The post card mania has, however, reached such a degree in Berlin that hawkers now go round the giving them up at the nearest post office

AN ITINERANT SELLER OF PICTURE POST CARDS IN A BERLIN CAFÉ

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—IV.

DANCING AND DANCERS

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE



THE WALTZ, 1806
From "The Sorrows of Werther." After Thomas Rowlandson

THE English have always been a dance-loving nation. From the earliest times rough peasants danced upon the village green, and moved to the rude music of pipe and tabor. In the reign of King Henry VI. (he who was so shocked at the low dresses of the ladies of his Court) the very under-barristers were put out of Commons and threatened with fines and disbarment for refusing to join in the "sweet and airy activity" of the gentlemen of the Inns of Court in their grand solemnities. Even the jigs went by the name of the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, &c.

King Henry VIII. was a past master in the art of dancing, and wrote both words and melody. He was the leader in all Court revels, and delighted Catherine of Arragon at the time of his marriage, with masks and mumming and quaint and graceful dances, not the last curious of which was the kissing dance, to which reference is made in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*: "Sweetheart, I were unmannerly to take you out, and I not to kiss you."

The Virgin Queen and her most grave and sober courtiers danced continually. Dancing was a necessary part of a gentleman's education, and even men like Sir Christopher Hatton and Lord Burleigh took part in the pavaues, the brawles, and other measures. Queen Elizabeth was certainly proud of her saltatory powers, and repeatedly consulted the ambassadors who visited her as to their opinion of the respective merits of her own or Mary Queen of Scots graceful dancing.

Pavaues, the precursors of the minuet, were performed in hoops, high head-dresses, court trains and starched ruffs; the gentlemen dancing in their caps and swords, lawyers in their gowns, peers in their robes, and ladies in long trains, which swayed behind them like the tails of peacocks' tails, and gave their name to the dance. Brawles, a more lively measure, were chiefly popular at wedding feasts. Charles I. permitted them at his Court, and Charles II. encouraged courantes, another quick and merry step, and boisterous country dances, of which he was extremely fond, but which scandalised the straitlaced.

All this time the common people indulged freely in dancing. The milkmaid danced among her pails, the lads and lasses round the maypole and on other rural festivals. In Queen Anne's reign the dancing of society had reached a pitch of perfection. The minuet truly embodied the courtly etiquette of the period, and the successful performance of intricate steps counted as a social virtue. Masked balls soon grew into favour. The Pantheon, Ranelagh, Madame Cornely's, Vauxhall and Almack's became popular places of resort. At Ranelagh a splendid Jubilee ball was given in 1759 to celebrate the birthday of King George III. It was at the Pantheon that the great Doctor Johnson checked Boswell's remark that there was not half-a-guinea's worth (the price of a ticket) of pleasure in seeing the place, by the stern repartee, "Sir, there is half-a-guinea's worth of inferiority in not having seen it; there are many happy people here, many people who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them," a sentiment which probably accounts for most of the energy displayed by the inveterate pleasure seeker who frequents balls.

Almack's, the *entrée* to which was considered the highest privilege attainable, flourished under the despotism of half a dozen ladies of society, whose rules were so adamant that even the great Duke of Wellington was once refused admittance, because he was wearing trousers instead of tights. The hero of a hundred fights bowed to the regulation and meekly departed. Almack's, founded in 1764, preserved its popularity until well into the middle of this century. Until 1815, the dances consisted of contredanses, with jigs and reels, introduced from Scotland by the beautiful Duchess of Gordon.

In 1815, Lady Jersey brought forward the quadrille, an entirely new importation from Paris. At that time the steps were intricate and well marked, and there was no question of walking idly through the dance. The steps of the "cavalier seul" were ingeniously elaborate, and demanded considerable skill and grace in execution. Lady Jersey, Lady



George Brummell Duchess of Rutland Count St. Antonio Princess Esterhazy Sir G. Warrender Count St. Aldegonde

BALL AT ALMACK'S, 1815
Reproduced from Gronow's "Reminiscences"



A GROUP OF WALTZERS
From a Print of about 1820

Harriet Butler, Lady Susan Ryder, and Miss Montgomery having carefully practised the steps, made up the first set ever danced in England.

The insidious valse, a mere variation of the old volte danced in the sixteenth century (at first coldly looked upon and regarded as a somewhat improper exhibition), came into favour as soon as the Emperor Alexander of Russia, in full uniform and covered with decorations, danced it at Almack's with Princess Lieven. Among the most accomplished of the performers were Lord Palmerston, Lord Westmoreland, and Princess Esterhazy.

Between the twenties and the fifties the ballet formed one of the great attractions of the opera, and those of the dandies who did not care for music made a point of coming in to the house in time for the ballet, when stars like Taglioni, Cerito, Lucile Grahn, and Carlotta Crisi received nightly the most rapturous applause.

From the minuet, with its lofty ceremoniousness and graceful courtesy, to the hopping, jerky, familiarly violent polka, was a great stride indeed. It marked the complete reaction from the dignity of the old courtly *résumé* to the careless laxity of democratic freedom. Dancing revived in France soon after the Revolution, though completely metamorphosed in its features. Napoleon I. encouraged State balls, and even danced himself occasionally, though awkwardly. Ladies were ordered to amuse themselves, as they were to dress and spend money, by Imperial command. On one occasion quadrilles were danced by "sixteen ladies of the Court in groups of four, dressed in white, their heads and gowns wreathed with flowers of different kinds, wearing diamond wheatears in their hair, and sixteen gentlemen wearing white satin coats and scarfs corresponding in colour to their partners' flowers." Another quadrille was organised by the Emperor's sister Caroline, in which all the

performers were costumed as Spaniards with hats and feathers. The valse, then called the Allemande, first grew into favour in France. It was performed with a graceful waving of the arms above the head. When the taste for valse cooled, the polka, with its wild, inspiring whirl, sent everyone crazy. It grew into a perfect epidemic, it pervaded all classes, it sent old and young stamping, hopping, and jumping. Like the bicycle at the present day, it advanced from the lower and middle classes into the very strongholds of the most select.

A French Duchess first admitted its lively tune and exuberant steps into her salon in 1844; thence it promptly spread and flourished abroad. Gold spurs were considered an indispensable adjunct to the performance. Soon it became a furore, a madness. Books were written, songs composed, magazines and newspapers vied with each other, in the praises of the new dance with its intoxicating refrain; the *Times* newspaper itself so far descending from its usual dignity as to chronicle the fact that "politics are for the moment suspended in public regard by the new and all absorbing pursuit, the polka, which combines in its qualities the intimacy of the valse with the vivacity of the Irish jig." It was declared that country dances might be suitable to the sanguine, the gallop to the bilious, the valse to the lymphatic, but that the polka alone, was worthy of the highstrung and the passionate. No eminent musician disdained to compose polkas, the famous Jullien and the great Strauss alike vied in writing cheerful strains. The first polka the latter ever composed he dedicated to the Empress Eugénie before her marriage, who introduced it to the Spanish Court. It is said that at the official reception after the funeral of Napoleon III. the ex-Empress Eugénie caught sight of the old *maestro* who had been so intimately associated with the brilliant *fêtes* and joyous spectacles of her time of prosperity, and at once tears rose to her eyes and a sob escaped her, as she remembered the tragic irony of her fate.

At the beginning of the century only quadrilles and valse were danced; every dancing master invented his own steps and the minor variations of quadrilles, until 1859, when the final creation of the Imperial quadrille put an end to further innovations. Charles Greville, in his "Memoirs," mentions the impression the refined and tasteful dancing of Queen Victoria at her first State ball produced upon the beholders. The quadrille was soon voted dull, however, and superseded to a great extent by the Lancers, which were danced for the first time in England in 1850 at the Turkish Embassy and at a ball at Mrs. Townley's. The elaborate figures were performed with great precision by four expert ladies, consisting of Lady Georgina Lygon, Lady Jane Fielding, the daughter of Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador to London, and Miss Berkeley. Ladies in those days studied the art of dancing seriously. Not only the Queen herself, but most of the nobility were taught by the famous ballet masters. The Duchess of Abercorn, whose handsome husband was Viceroy of Ireland, could stand on tiptoes to an advanced age, and used, when a girl, to give representations of ballets at Woburn Abbey. Grace of movement, elegant curtsies, and ease of deportment, were inculcated as part of every lady's education, and were specially admired in the person of the Queen, notwithstanding her short stature.

The famous dancing mistress of the middle of the century, Madame Michau, under whose stern tuition most young girls were wont to pass, especially enforced the graceful art of sitting down and manœuvring the skirts, which she rightly considered as one of the signs of a great lady. To ascend and descend gracefully the carriage steps, with tripping gleam and lightness, was also properly acquired by the most accomplished of her pupils. *Défiances dansants* were then considered agreeable adjuncts to fashionable life, and the Duchesses of Bedford and Northumberland gave breakfasts which merited their popularity.

About the sixties the cotillon came into



THE CHAUMIERE, A SENTIMENTAL QUADRILLE
After a Lithograph by Vernier

favourable notice. It was a very different dance from that performed by the Prince Regent with Lady Waldegrave at one of his breakfasts. The cotillon took its name in old days from the fact that

One of the most famous cotillons was that danced at the Guards' Ball, given in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1863, which lasted from two in the morning till six o'clock a.m., a ball at which the pink of society assisted. Some of the cotillons were noted for the costliness of the presents, others for the skill of their leader (Mr. Augustus Lumley reigned for many years supreme in that post), or for the gaiety and ingenuity of the inventions. Not to have a partner for the cotillon stamped a girl as being hopelessly *démolée*.

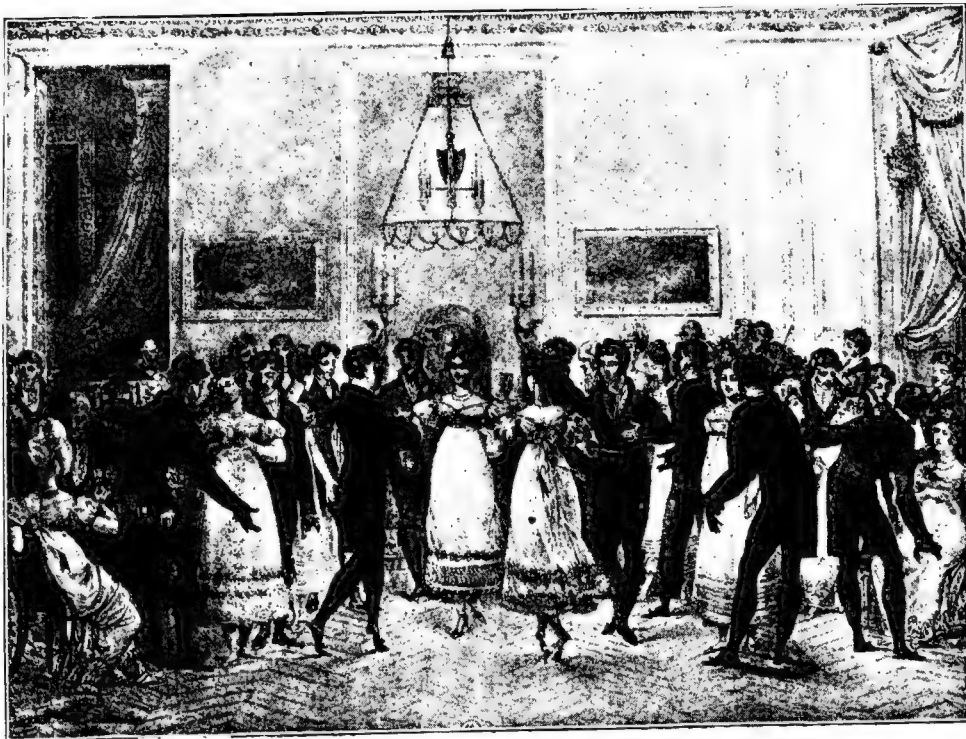
At the birthday Palace balls, during the Georgian era, the minuet was solemnly performed, while the King and Queen sat and looked on in state. At Royal weddings even to this day abroad the polonaises, or torch-dances, are still executed with great splendour and solemnity. The Duke of Coburg took part in one on the occasion of his marriage at St. Petersburg. Reels have always been very popular at Her Majesty's Court, and the lightness and agility displayed by skilful dancers invariably excites legitimate enthusiasm. At the Court of the late Napoleon III., at Compiègne, the Earl of Dunmore, a famous reel dancer, once drew forth the plaudits of all the ladies and gentlemen present, by his neat and vivacious performance, the novelty of which delighted them. The famous Court costume balls of this reign consisted of the Plantagenet ball, 1843, the George II., 1845, and the Charles II. ball, at which all the most beautiful women in London vied with each other, in their attempts to secure accuracy and gorgeousness of costume. But the artistic taste and skill of invention of the private hostess in London

has always paled before the *fêtes* given by women of fashion in France. The Princesse de Sagan's fur and feather ball, the Versailles and Trianon ball, the quadrille of the hornets and bees, will ever be remembered for their magnificence by those who witnessed them. The Princess herself, a beauty of the Imperial Court, was dressed as a peacock, in dark blue satin, covered with gold and silver Venetian point. The feathers of the peacock's tail surrounded her white neck. On her head she wore a diamond diadem, topped by the peacock's aigrette, while the bird's beak adorned her forehead.

Other great ladies followed in her steps, one in particular gave a fascinating swallow ball, the *locale* of which was a Japanese garden, peopled by humming birds, love birds, bengalis, hoopoes, and nightingales. On another occasion the exquisite taste of a Japanese *fête* given by Madame de la Rochefoucauld excited the genuine praise of the Japanese Ambassador himself, who exclaimed, "I feel as if I were in my own country!"

Great ladies reclined on mats dressed in white and crowned with wistaria or lotus blooms, near a pagoda with golden doors, under a canopy of palms and flowers.

After such fairy pageants, what becomes of our poor modern dances, our romps and ungraceful crowds, our Barn dances, "Kitchen Lancers," "Washington Posts," Berlin Polkas and the innumerable vulgar and inharmonious movements now designated dancing? The supercilious wall flower, poised with languid grace in the doorway, the raw youth to whom dancing lessons are either unknown or a terror, the inexperienced girl, make up the crowd of our ballrooms. The craze for skirt dancing, in itself pretty and picturesque enough, has died out and left nothing but a limp shuffle through a quadrille, a noisy romp, or a series of kicks, wriggles and hops dignified by the name of a valse or a Highland schottische. All graceful dancing disappeared with knee breeches and silk stockings. Can it ever be revived? We trust so, for the natural disposition of the English people since before the Norman Conquest, has been to dance, from sheer love of gaiety and lightness of heart, and it would be a serious loss to mankind were the poetry of motion, the fittest expression of grace and beauty, to disappear for ever from a chilled and indifferent world, save in its most artificial and meretricious aspect on the theatrical stage, beneath the garish glitter of the limelights.



A SOCIETY BALL IN 1830
After an Engraving by Lecomte

ladies danced it in short skirts to imitate the gyrations of the peasants. In its present form it simply means a valse with fanciful figures interpolated and the addition of pretty gits.



A BALL AT THE TUILERIES: THE IMPERIAL QUADRILLE
After a Drawing by Janet



"SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA" AT EARL'S COURT : A PEEP AT THE NATIVES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. T. MAUD



C. E. FRIPP
Bagbag River
Apr. 25th 99

After the entrenchments commanding the fort of the Bagbag River had been evacuated by the Filipinos, the American troops crossed over the river. During the engagement the trenches were well swept by artillery, machine, and infantry fire. After the action the trenches showed very little of the effects of the assault, but the moral effect was enough for the insurgents, who abandoned the position just as they ought to have made a stand. Their loss in the trenches amounted to only four or five killed, and their resistance was very feeble. Part of the front of the rebels' position had been cleared by cutting down the bamboos on the side of the river, as is shown by the stumps in the foreground of our illustration.

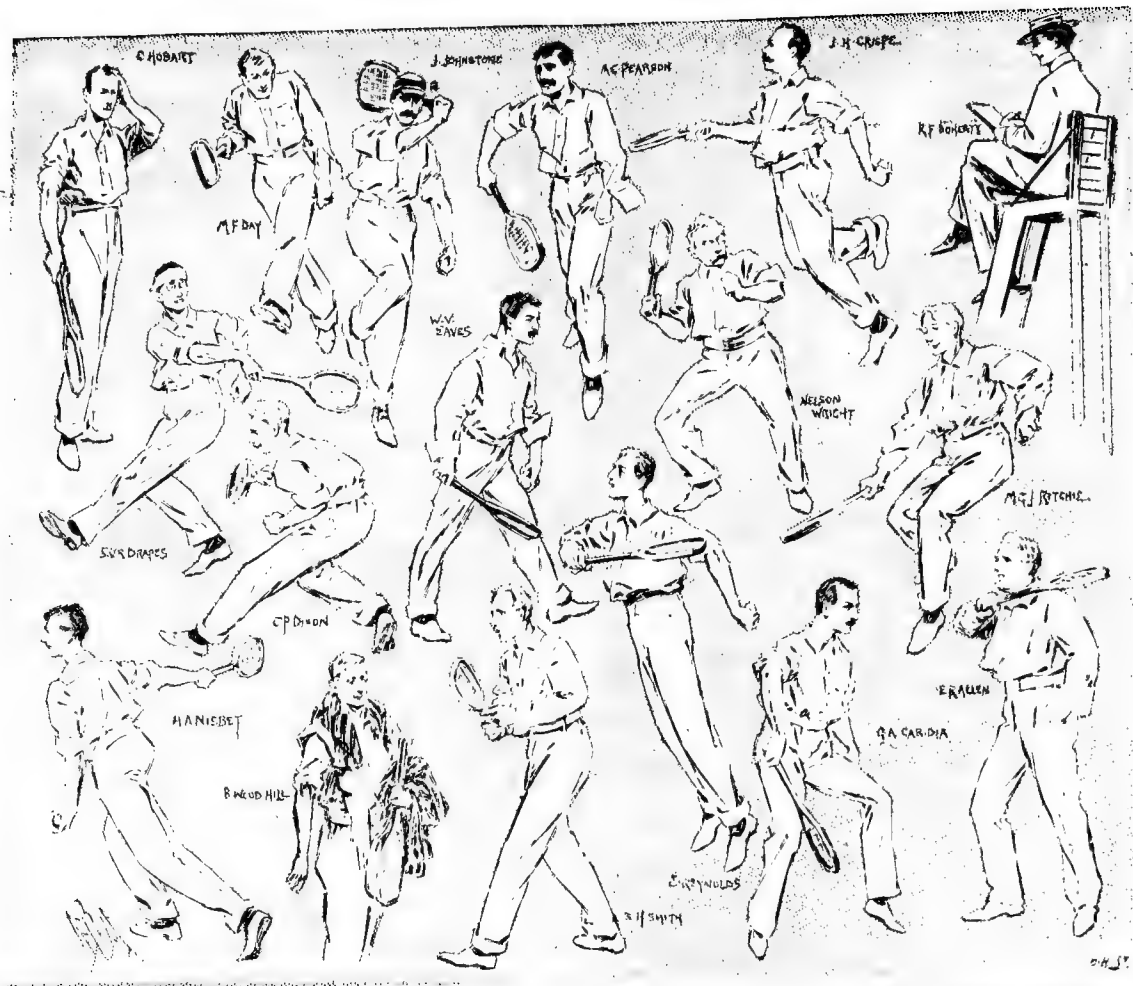
THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES, AMERICAN TROOPS FORDING THE BAGBAG RIVER BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF CALUMPIT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP

Africa at Earl's Court

THE most inspiring moment of the Savage South African day comes at that hour every afternoon when it is time for the first display in the great theatre to begin. The natives have had their midday meal—fate cannot harm them—and they are formed into line of marching column. With hair newly oiled, and assegais gathered into the hollow of the shield, with their plumes waving and their limited under-clothing flapping against their shins, they step along the back way to the stage door to the sound of music. The joy of the Basutos and Swazis is not wholly attributable to their dinner; the truth is that the performance in the Earl's Court arena has the strongest attraction for them. There have been several and varied tribes of savages on show in England before, and usually after the glamour of their first appearance has worn off they have turned out to be rather dull people. After some ten minutes of a Somali war dance, for instance, the spectator found himself regretting that he had no means of conveying to the performers a polite hint that they would go on to something else. But it is quite different with these children of the southern sun. Like the Latins among the Caucasian races, the Matabele and Zulus are born playactors.

The Kaffir Kraal, which they inhabit when not on show, is the Earl's Court green room, and lots of the curious go there to see the savage in his habit as he lives. It is rather a curious sight, for the huts, like beehives, have but a small entrance door. The result is that the first spectacle which meets the eye on passing the gates of the village is that of a large number of cockney spectators stooping down, as if gathering shells on Margate sands, to peer into the mysteries of Matabele domesticity. The reward of such curiosity is



THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: A STUDY OF ATTITUDES

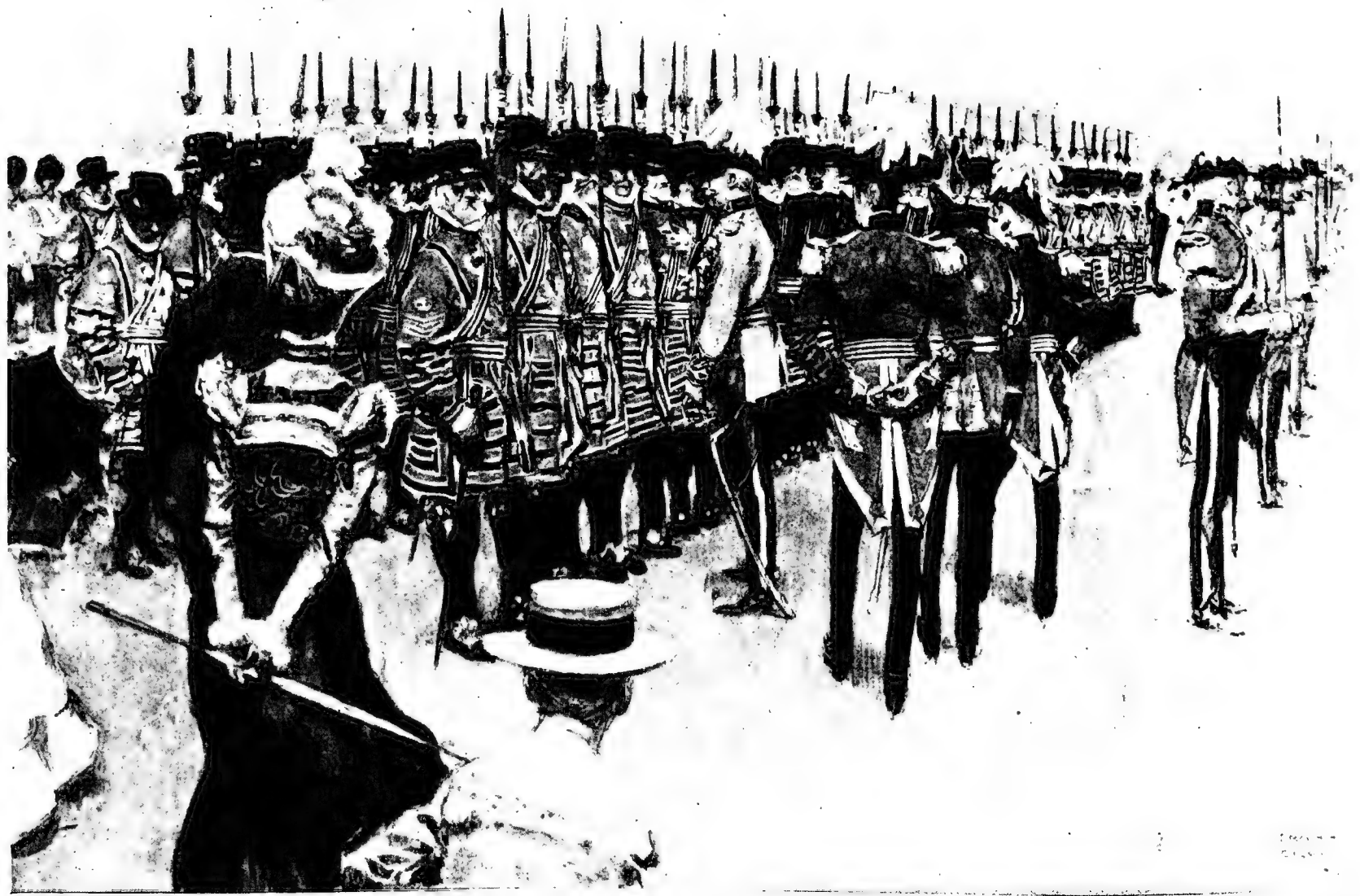
sometimes rather, startling, for the simple savages spend a large portion of the day in the interminable completion of a toilet which usually appears to be rather incomplete, however much attention is lavished upon it. But the visitor who can stifle a too particular curiosity will find a great deal to interest him in the kraal. There are thirty-five huts and four parishes, for the tribes, Basuto, Swazi, Zulu, and Matabele, have each separate quarters; and to each is allowed a separate mess. Unlike most savages, they are a restless,

two sets, and Smith seemed to be playing recklessly. However, the latter won the next two sets after a hard struggle in the fourth set, and won the final set at 6-2. In the other games H. S. Mahony beat D. M. Hawes, and H. A. Nisbet disposed of E. K. Allen, each match only requiring three sets to be played. An interesting game in the third round was that between H. S. Mahony and G. M. Simond, the score being 6-2, 4-6, 8-6, and 6-2. In that round also H. A. Nisbet beat M. F. Day.

busy community; and the time they can spare from smoking or taking snuff (with a spoon) they spend in grinding corn or in making Kaffir bangles with which to supplement the resources of their limited incomes.

Lawn Tennis Championships

THE competitions for the Lawn Tennis Championships were begun at Wimbledon on Monday. The entry was well up to the average, and included nearly all the best players, the only notable absentee in the Singles being H. L. Doherty. In the Singles Champions' ip the first day's play produced some interesting games. To everyone's surprise M. G. J. Ritchie defeated the covered court champion, W. V. Eaves (6-4, 3-6, 6-4, 4-6, and 6-4). Eaves was at first regarded as a likely candidate to compete with R. F. Doherty for the championship. Ritchie, though persevering and playing a plucky game, is not the equal of Eaves, and on the second day was easily defeated by P. G. Pearson. The chief match of the second day was that between S. H. Smith and J. M. Flavelle. Smith is the northern champion, and has the reputation of being one of the hardest hitters now playing. Flavelle, who is an extremely steady player, won the first



On Tuesday morning, the Queen's Accession Day, the Duke of Connaught inspected Her Majesty's Royal Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. The Captain of the Guard, Lord Waldegrave, was in command, and with him were the Lieutenant, Colonel Sir H. P. Vance, late of the 38th Regiment; the Ensign, Colonel R. G. Ellison, formerly of the 47th; and the Clerk of the

Cheque and Adjutant, Colonel Reginald Hennell, D.S.O., late of the Indian Army. The Duke of Connaught passed down the line and said a few words to each of the men. At the conclusion the men formed up in open square and the Duke addressed them

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT INSPECTING THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE
DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Art for Love

MR. BEERBOHM TREE is most heartily to be congratulated on his *première* as an editor, for the *Souvenir of the Charing Cross Hospital Bazaar* touches the high-water mark of anything of this nature hitherto met with. A sumptuous quarto, it contains such a list of distinguished names as it would gladden the heart of any editor to gather within the protecting covers of his publication, but more noticeable than this mere quantity is the fact that one and all have been imbued with the idea of putting their best brush or pen forward in the cause of charity, instead of, as too often happens in similar productions, generously bestowing the contribution which has covered in some neglected drawer on the way to its rightful home—the waste-paper basket. Where so much is good it is difficult to make invidious distinctions, but the artists who have contributed include a dozen R.A.'s, not counting the President, among them being Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Briton Riviere, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Val Prinsep, etc., while the catholicity of the publication is shown when you come also upon clever pages, the work of Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Bernard Partridge, the Marchioness of Granby and a score of others. The three charming sketches which we reproduce may be taken as an index to the work in this direction, but on the literary side there is no less to be said. The Poet Laureate, Mr. Anstey, Sir Robert Ball, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Sydney Grundy, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, these are a few names picked at random from among the crowd. Mr. Pinero escapes with an ingenious autograph letter, but in the most cases the writers, no less than the artists, have been generous in the best sense. Mr. Henley's two verses, for instance, are exquisite; Mr. Anthony Hope's little contribution is just right, Mr. Zangwill's story, "The Silent Sisters," is full of his characteristic power, and the little one-act play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has far more than a passing interest. The poets loom large; one would like to quote Mr. Conan Doyle's spirited song, or Mr. Henley's verses, but as everyone will or should buy the book, it is best to refrain. It is only a very small minority indeed who have shirked giving serious contributions, and the result is a volume which, with its admirable illustrations, excellent portraits, and interesting autographs, is attractive at every page. And all this time one has made no mention of the musicians—Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, Mr.



MRS. TREE
FROM A DRAWING BY THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY

Edward German, and others, have furnished songs, idylls, and duets, and once again one can only warmly congratulate Mr. Tree on the brilliant success of his praiseworthy venture into another field. The illustrations we publish are reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Tree, and we should mention that the blocks of Mr. Luke Fildes', Mr. Frank Dicksee's, and the Marchioness of Granby's pictures are by the Swan Electric Engraving Company and Mr. Carl Hentschel. The *Souvenir* is printed and published by the Nassau Press, St. Martin's Lane.

If the *Souvenir* was a success, though, what shall be said of the Bazaar itself at the Albert Hall, where Royalty sold at several stalls, and the leading members of London society were energetic helpers? For once the Queen broke through her rule of not patronising bazaars, and headed the patronesses. The exception was made because Her Majesty's first public office was that of Patroness of Charing Cross Hospital, when she was only a girl of fourteen. Princess Louise opened the bazaar on the first day, afterwards selling at the Hospital Stall, while Princess Christian helped at the St. Martin's Stall, representing Switzerland. Next day the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were to perform the opening ceremony. The bazaar was made very picturesque by each stall representing a country, and the stallholders wearing the respective national colours, while "Flowerland," "Bookland," and "Stageland," besides an American bar, provided further attractions. Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Ronalds arranged a concert, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, not content with merely providing the *Souvenir*, arranged a dramatic entertainment, so there was no lack of amusement.

ENGLISH people are certainly much slower to appreciate motor-cars than their French neighbours. It is not much to our national credit that only four of the vehicles taking part in the Automobile Club Show at Richmond were of English make. Still, the Show itself is most interesting, and if a few small accidents occurred both on the journey to Richmond and the track itself, they showed that the cars are much more under control than hitherto. Moreover, they make less noise and smell less. The Show is held in the Old Deer Park, and was opened on Saturday by Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who were much amused with the races and competitions. The highest speed was twenty-five miles an hour, nothing like the mad pace attained at some experiments in Paris recently, when the speed was said to be sixty-five miles an hour.



FROM A DRAWING BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.



FROM A DRAWING BY LUKE FILDES, R.A.



AN INDIAN HAWKER AND A KAFFIR NURSE



BLACK AND WHITE POLICE



A JEWISH PEDLAR AND MINE KAFFIRS

Social Life in Johannesburg

BY AN ENGLISH VISITOR

JOHANNESBURG, which is just now so much associated in the public mind with franchise, ballot, oaths of allegiance, and other such insignia of politics, would hardly strike an unprepared observer as an ardently political town. It is a large town, a sprawling town—perhaps some day the whole 130 miles of reefs and mines will be little better than one long town—and when the Johannesburgers set their wits to work they can run you up a yard-long catalogue of political grievances; but it is not quite the sort of town where, for instance, you would expect to find great orators conducting Midlothian Campaigns, or engaged on "Pilgrimages of Passion" in a rhetorical sense. No. Johannesburg is neither a Birmingham nor a Mecca. Its characteristics are Gold, Glare, Gambling, Gin-soaking, and Galvanised Iron.

There is one other distinctive feature which deserves mention, not among the G's, but with a large D—a big, big D people would say who were not afraid of using hackneyed quotations; that is the

Dust, the distinctive feature of which is that it makes all the other features indistinct. The only place I know in South Africa which can beat Johannesburg for dust-storms is Kimberley, in "the Colony." In Johannesburg a dust-storm merely blinds you, stops up your ears and pockets, and chokes you; in Kimberley it buries you. However, a Johannesburg dust-storm is quite bad enough, when it invades a thronged street, blending in one brown opaque confusion the pedestrians, riders, drivers; the white folk, yellow folk, chocolate folk, brown folk, and black folk; the teams of oxen, teams of mules, cab horses, bicycles, and tramcars; Oom Dantje, the Boer with his fifty-foot whip, little Tommy Tomkins with his peashooter, and Abdul, the coolie, with his vegetable basket—all these with everything else that happens to be abroad. The Cape Town man brags of his South-Easter, and that truly is something very choice in winds when it picks up the paving cobbles and flings them in your face; but the Cape South-Easter is a steady, respectable, regulated sort of wind that can be calculated upon. If you see "the tablecloth" perpendic flat over the edge of Table Mountain,

you can arrange to keep within doors for a day or two. In Johannesburg the dust-storm is a wild and whirling sort of phenomenon past all calculating; it is the cause of more spluttering and expletives than anything else. Johannesburg lies five or six thousand feet above sea-level, and at such a height thunderstorms are frequent; the dust-storm seems to have an electric violence and termagance, ably aided in its effects by the sanitary authority, which permits Johannesburg's streets to be lost alternately in quicksands and mud.

But Johannesburg social life, though often dusty, is not always seen through a veil of sand. Perhaps some, the seamier, aspects of it might be better for a veil. In every thirteen-year-old gold-digging town one would expect to find virtue at a discount and vice debonair. On another continent there is a place called Callao.

God-forsaken, devil-may-care,
Every one with his sins to bear,
From East, from West, they are camping there
Where all the bad lots go.

Thieves and liars and murderers fell
Together for ever and ever must dwell,
In the place that's worse than the Christian's hell,
And known as Callao.

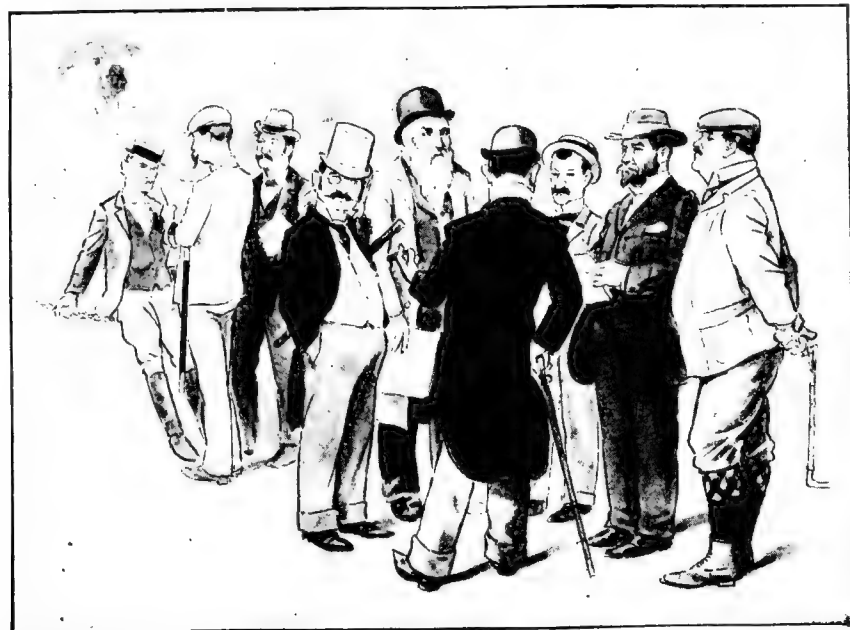
All the bad lots do not go now to Callao; they usually show a liking for change. One time they gravitated to 'Frisco and Denver:



AMONG THE "SPIELERS"



THE ARABS' WAY OF SECURING CUSTOMERS



"TWEEN THE CHAINS": SPECULATORS



DETECTIVES SURPRISING ILLEGAL LIQUOR TRADERS

another they were attracted to Bendigo and Ballarat; then they flocked to Kimberley and the Rand; and now a good sprinkling of them are at Klondyke. Johannesburg has never had much of that picturesque "shooting on sight" phase which colours so vividly in the Wild West—perhaps because it never had a Bret Harte to tell of the Outcasts of Poker Flat, or how the piccaninny "wrestled with it, the derved little cuss." There have been "gruesome" murders, "romantic suicides" of actresses and barmaids, assassinations of millionaires and even of dudes, and crimes enough and to spare, but on the whole rather sordid and unpicturesque and squalid. Stay. The highwayman and bank robber, McKeown, was a bit of bright colour—and there was also the robbery of the gold train; and the thief—but he was down in "the Colony"—who rode all night under the guard's van boring holes into the diamond safe. Oh, yes, there have been plenty of crimes; but, perhaps, the place is not "worse than the Christian's hell," badly as President Kruger thinks of the *verreukers*, the *schlenders* and the *nacht-loopers*.

The fact is, Johannesburg mining is not nugget-digging, and that makes all the difference. It is not a place where you may turn up a fortune by a stroke of a pick. The gold is distributed through rock in such a fine powder that you can hardly see the yellow grains. Therefore the mining is more like Staffordshire coal-mining than washing for nuggets at Bendigo, and the consequence is greater steadiness all round. "The Rand" has always, perhaps, suggested something wilder than the reality—the name suggests randying and rampaging and rowdying; and "On the Rand" has quite a Bret-Hartian digger sort of sound. But Johannesburg long ago began to "purge and live cleanly," after a fashion, so that now you may not only see there glittering shops, and West End *modes*, and theatres with Geishas and Gay Parisiennes, not only these and large hotels, boarding-houses, liquor bars, billiard-rooms, gambling hells, dancing-rooms, music palaces, race-courses, but also a public library, a good cricket ground, a zoological garden, a large hospital, churches of all denominations—at any rate a good many—the Salvation Army, and a large submerged tenth of *mishrables* for it to work upon. In Johannesburg you have your railways, your telegrams, your morning and evening papers—and street arabs, too, to sell them at a "tickey" (threepence) apiece. You may witness the latest West End fashions as promptly as in—well, let us say, New York. In fact up-to-dateness has always been one of the things Johannesburg has prided itself on. I can well remember how, after wandering some time Childe Harold fashion away from the Strand and Piccadilly, I strolled into Johannesburg Market on Saturday night, and for the first time in

my life heard that honoured ballad "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." True, it was sung by a blind accordionist to the accompaniment of a cracked fiddle and without a dancer; still, it was there. And in Heath's Hotel one saw the gilded youth engrossed in "Nana" or other triumph of French genius when such works were certainly not to be seen on every hotel table in London! The same thing applies to-day. The very latest Gaiety tunes are being whistled in Commissioner Street.

Johannesburg nabobs and gold-bugs are constantly trotting backwards and forwards to London—with or without their wives. That is one reason, apart from the "Home Editions" and very profuse distribution of mail papers, to account for the up-to-

fraternity from a sameness of type is the free rein they give themselves in attire. "Between the chains" is a short street in the heart of the city, which forms the rendezvous of speculators, a chain at either end keeping out vehicles. There the silk hat and frock-coat are not *de rigueur*; each man shows the true Republican love of independence alike in style and colour of his coat, his breeches, and his head-gear. Immense fortunes have been won and lost in a single day "between the chains" or thereabouts.

Naturally, when so large a part of the population is directly or indirectly concerned in "the state of the market," as is the case at Johannesburg, gambling takes various forms. Whilst the chief form is that of share-mongering, there are also varieties of the game in which cards, dice, horse-racing, and wheels of fortune are the machinery; and of course there are "hells" of all kinds, from pretentious clubs downwards to the vilest dens imaginable. It is a case of "lightly come, lightly go," as many of the gamblers have found to their sorrow. We need not pry into the recesses of the various kinds of gambling houses. The vice flaunts itself quite openly in the newspapers in the shape of "Monster Sweeps" running up to as much as 40,000% for a single prize, if the advertisers may be credited. But as to the universal prevalence of the gambling spirit there is ample testimony. It was publicly stated in Johannesburg itself some time ago that in a large proportion of the innumerable canteens, bars, and restaurants all-night gambling is regularly carried on. In the front of the house lights are out, doors closed, blinds and curtains drawn, all dark and silent as the grave; but in the rear, in one house of every five, the

lights are all on, cards and dice are on every table in every room, and the tables are surrounded by players. Too many of them, alas, are wasters of English birth.

Life in Johannesburg is a thing of many colours—even in mere skins and complexions. Amongst the ladies, particularly in the evening, it is perhaps to a considerable extent a matter of pigments rather than natural hues; but the male population presents in daylight a diversity of hue as remarkable as can be readily found anywhere. The nationalities in whites and browns include pretty nearly the whole gamut. Then there are the distinct classes of Indians, "Arabs," or "coolies," and the quasi-aboriginals, variously called, without distinction, "natives," and "Kaffirs"—though the Kaffir properly so-named is really one of the aristocrats of the South African native tribes. There are also a large number of half-breeds from the Cape, and Malays from the same quarter. The "Cape boy" may be a man of sixty, since any native or half-breed servants is a "boy" in South African parlance. Johannesburg being one of



A DUST-STORM IN JOHANNESBURG

dateness of the Johannesburg taste in High Art and High Kicking. Another is the constant immigration of large companies of London "artists," pioneered by one or another experienced British *entrepreneur*. In any of the half-dozen theatres glittering shirt fronts and *décolleté* dresses ablaze with jewels, attest the determination to be in true West End style at any cost. But certainly one of the chief reasons why Johannesburg feels that its heart beats time with London's is the liberal employment of the cable for news of all kinds—especially Stock Exchange news. Since childhood's earliest days Johannesburg has thought more of gold scrip and share quotations than of anything else. The whole city has been built of paper. The Stock Exchange has over and over again been called its Holy of Holies, and outside that sanctum there arises a daily Babel "between the chains" in Simmonds Street. The congregation there is highly cosmopolitan, but as everywhere else in the city the Hebrew nose, eye, or foot is unmistakable. What saves the stock-gambling



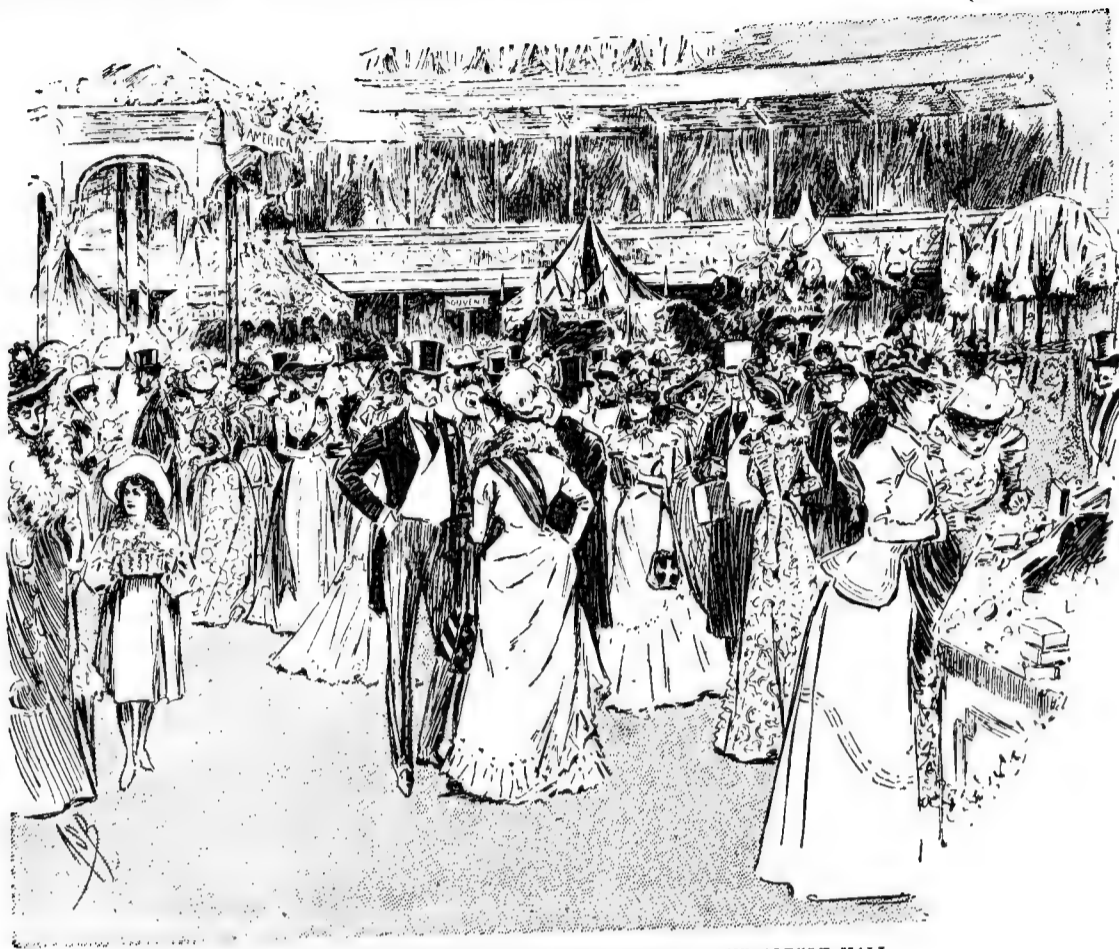
A BOER COMMANDO: A SCENE NEAR JOHANNESBURG

the costliest places in the world to keep house in, house-keeping is avoided by many of the temporary citizens, yet there are now many neat and comfortable private homes. In these the useful and ubiquitous "Kaffir," who is usually not a Kaffir, plays all manner of parts, even to that of nursemaid. Caught raw and carefully kept from certain of the bye-influences of civilisation, the native is by no means a bad fellow as a rule. But one must admit he varies greatly. At any rate he is usually far more trustworthy than the half-breeds. The Indians are mostly traders, hawkers, and pedlars. Some of them rejoice in large shops and offices, and dress in silks; others are clad in a single wisp of cotton, and bear their worldly goods across their shoulders in a pack. As a rule, they are a useful and inoffensive body of people, a good deal libelled. In Natal, whence most of them have been introduced, they are largely employed as waiters, and excellent ones they make; in Johannesburg there are so many whites willing to work as waiters that the Indian is not much seen in that capacity. It is when the untutored native leaves the mine compound to return home to his tribe, happy in the possession of his accumulated wages, that the "Arab" trader gets his chance. Sometimes, as the artist has depicted, he may even add a little physical persuasion to the temptations of his stock-in-trade in capturing John Kaffir's hard-earned gains. But John usually departs quite happy. So long as he has a European garment of some kind to go home in he does not mind much what it is, nor which way he puts it on. He is becoming, nowadays, less unsophisticated than he used to be. One of the worst modes of fleecing him is undoubtedly that of the cheap liquor seller. The scandal of illicit liquor traffic with the Kaffirs has been revealed again and again, and is a most serious matter still. If the "Zarps" (police, from "Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek Police") were always

as energetic as in the incident depicted by the artist, one of the greatest blots on Johannesburg's scutcheon might be removed. One must not forget the Boers in recalling some salient features

success. They, the Hollanders, are not liked. The real Transvaaler, the Boer, is a very different sort of fellow. He has his faults, but also his virtues. His wagon brings the early morning supplies to the Johannesburg market, and his simplicity not infrequently brings unmerited grist to the mill of the less scrupulous Uitlander. The character of some of these rustics may be surmised from the picture of "A Boer Commando." In the Transvaal all male burghers between sixteen and sixty years of age are liable to be called out for "burgher duty," to form a "commando" in war, or to assist in quelling a disturbance. When "commandeered" each man must provide himself with clothes, gun, and thirty rounds of ammunition carried in his bandolier. With one pocket full of his home-grown tobacco, the other full of "biltong," or sun-dried venison, a marvellously sustaining food, and his water-flask slung at his side, he is ready for any amount of fatigue and rough-riding, and being an expert shot, and accustomed to take advantage from cover when stalking game, he is a formidable opponent, whatever his looks, for he is not such a fool as to wear bright colours such as afford, under the clear African sunshine, the best possible mark for an enemy. Not he; his drab-grey tattered hat, and everything about him, become at a distance almost no mark at all. And when moving with their trek-wagons, by the way, the Boers fortify their camps by means of the wagons in "laager," just as Gibbon says the Goths used their wagons fifteen hundred years ago.

Social life on the Rand has much that is bizarre. Whilst you may rub shoulders and be even obliged to exchange civil conversation with gentlemen who "ought to be on the breakwater," you may also meet some of the brightest and most cultured men and women. But, on the whole, Johannesburg is, as yet, not quite an ideal place to which to take one's wife and family for permanent residence.



A SKETCH AT THE OPENING OF THE BAZAAR AT THE ALBERT HALL
IN AID OF CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

of life in the City of Gold. The so-called "Dutch" of the Transvaal unfortunately have first cousins called "Hollanders," who are imported from Holland to make matters unpleasant for the Johannesburg Britishers, and who carry out that duty with well-recognised

with gentlemen who "ought to be on the breakwater," you may also meet some of the brightest and most cultured men and women. But, on the whole, Johannesburg is, as yet, not quite an ideal place to which to take one's wife and family for permanent residence.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. G. CALCOTT

The Prince of Wales, who was staying at Down Place, with Lord and Lady Alington, was out with his host and hostess in the electric launch *Etna* last Sunday, when the Thames presented a brilliant

spectacle. The locks above Windsor were never more crowded with all manner of boats and launches. Our illustration shows the launch outside Bray Lock.

"ASCOT SUNDAY" ON THE RIVER: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON A LAUNCH AT BRAY LOCK

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34lb. IN 22 DAYS.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks) from the commencement of following your system I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations." — *Cork Herald*.

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11 0 by 10 0 . . 5 15 0	15 0 by 11 0 . . 8 10 0		
12 0 by 10 0 . . 6 5 0	13 0 by 12 0 . . 8 5 0		
13 6 by 10 0 . . 7 0 0	14 0 by 12 0 . . 8 15 0		
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New Novels

"RAGGED LADY"

CLEMENTINA CLAXON, the subject of Mr. W. D. Howells's latest study of character (Harper and Brothers), first appears upon the scene with bare feet, showing well above her ankles, and a calico skirt with a rent in it. But though so ragged a member of a happy-go-lucky family, and speaking in a horrible New England dialect, of which Mr. Howells is as unsparing as if he were a Scot and it the vernacular of the kailyard, Clementina is essentially a lady, every inch of her. It is of the essence of a lady that she recoils from giving pain; and sooner than give pain to the least favoured among her numerous admirers, one feels sure that she would willingly have married them all. A lady, also, should be conscientious; and so conscientious is Miss Clementina that, on her first husband's death, she can scarcely bring herself to accept her second without inviting a rival to come all the way from Florence to her New England home in order that, as she put it, she may be "quite su'a"—apparently, of her own mind. On the whole, however, despite one's frequent desire to shake her into a little unladylike emotion, she is an attractive young person—very much indeed to be preferred to the young man who gives her up because she only wants to marry him for his own sake and hers, not for the sake of helping him as a missionary to the Chinese! Such a situation—and it is the principal point in the novel—would be regarded as ridiculously impossible in an English story. Is it to be considered natural in an American one? At any rate, it is upon its representation of some unfamiliar aspects of New England character, rendered by the hand of a master in such matters, that its interest depends.

"AN OLD ROGUE'S TRAGEDY"

Why should a wealthy old lady conceal the surely not discreditable fact that she is spending her income in making life as pleasant as might be for an imbecile daughter, whom she loves with all her heart? And why should she hide the girl's existence, without any of the ordinary motives for concealment? This is the situation of "Rita's" "An Old Rogue's Tragedy" (Hutchinson and Co.), and it is never explained. Unfortunately the inexplicable part of the plot is necessary to explain how "Aunt Pat," the old lady in question, had to conceal her self-improvement by all sorts of expedients at the expense of her indulgent friends—including actual larceny and illegal pawning. But, despite all such eccentricities, she never stoops to anything quite so mean as does the formal hero, Cheslyn Hayes, who traces to her the theft of a friend's ring, and proceeds to show her up in a novel. At any rate the plot cannot be called commonplace; and what obvious weaknesses and vaguenesses it has are fully redeemed by such pathetic scenes as the death of the "Old Rogue," broken-hearted by the death of the girl for whose sake she had lived the life of a bird of prey, by the manner in which so unreal a person is made to seem real, and by "Rita's" unfailingly bright and interesting style.

"THE SECRET OF LYNDALE"

Mysterious dwellings continue to exercise their full fascination over the authoress of "The House on the Marsh." In "The Secret of Lyndale" (F. V. White and Co.) we accompany Miss

Margaret Willington on a visit to a very pleasant family party somewhere in the centre of the Midlands, to learn presently that there is at least one unaccountable skeleton among its cupboards. Indeed its nature remains considerably unaccountable even after its exorcism; unless it be reasonable to suppose that a sane man would, with full knowledge, marry his brother's mistress merely because he was asked to do so, and to adopt the same brother's reputation for being a gambler and what Miss Warden calls a "scapegoat" in general. Somehow the preliminary mystification is much more convincing than the solution.



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Of blue mousseline de soie, veiled with mauve ditto, having tiny ruffles and tucks. Bolero of Venetian guipure, and transparent sleeves of same. Hat of biscuit straw, mauve chiffon and lilies of the valley. Tulle strings

"The Life of Prince Bismarck"

MR. JACKS expects rather too much of his English readers if he imagines that they will reject the works of Dr. Busch, and of Bismarck himself, in favour of the one he has written. He says in his preface:—

Since his (Bismarck's) death two books have appeared. Many of the statements in the first are surrounded by such probable improbabilities that few people, I should think, will care to preserve it as a credible record of his great life. With regard to the second, while it must always remain sacred to admirers of the hero, and of great value to historians, one cannot but feel that it is the product of a time of life when that clear eye had become somewhat dim, and that strong right hand had lost somewhat of its cunning.

Now, in the first place, critics agreed that Dr. Busch's book was one of the most valuable of its kind that had ever appeared, and, in the second, Bismarck was certainly not in his dotage, as Mr. Jacks would have us believe, when he wrote, or rather dictated his reminiscences. Mr. Jacks's volume is eminently readable, it is well written, and the illustrations have been carefully selected, but it is not a great historical work.

We fancy that some of the authorities from which he has taken his facts are rather out of date. He would have us believe that the decision of the French Court to make the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne an excuse for war, came upon Bismarck with all the suddenness and surprise of an explosion, whereas it is well known at the present time that he himself revived the question in 1870—it having been shelved the previous year—so as to force on the war. The author has either omitted altogether or toned down the many harsh, not to say brutal, remarks that Bismarck made about our own Royal Family and other notable people. In fact the Bismarck he presents to us is far from being the blunt, caustic old war-dog that other writers, including himself, have represented him to be. The history of the unification of the German Empire has often been told, and we fancy that English readers are heartily tired of it. However, Mr. Jacks writes well and with knowledge of Bismarck's great scheme, of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and of his ultimate success. The volume contains some interesting and amusing anecdotes, anecdotes which help us to form some idea of this great statesman's character. Here is one of them:—

A shoemaker having disappointed Bismarck by not sending home a pair of boots, he appointed one orderly to go every hour and every half-hour, and another every quarter-past and quarter before the hour with the question, "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready?" They were home in a quarter of an hour.

In the chapter on the Prussia-Austrian War the writer describes an interesting incident which took place at the battle of Königgratz. The battle had begun between the Austrian army and that commanded by Prince Frederick Karl, the Crown Prince, and his army had been delayed and were anxiously expected. The German infantry became shattered by the Austrian fire, and fears began to be whispered that the Crown Prince might arrive too late. Moltke looked on as calm and immovable as ever.

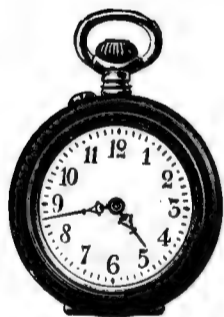
Bismarck, it is said, went up to him, looked him steadfastly in the face, but could gain nothing from that sealed countenance. Bismarck never spoke a word nor asked a single question, but took out his cigar case, which contained two cigars, one excellent, the other not so good. He opened it, and held it out to Moltke, who calmly surveyed the cigars for a moment or two, and then chose—the better one. Perfectly satisfied, Bismarck returned the case with the inferior cigar into his pocket arguing, "If this responsible general had still sufficient calmness and sang froid to choose the better cigar, there is not much yet to fear for the battle."

* "The Life of Prince Bismarck." By William Jacks. (Maclehose.)

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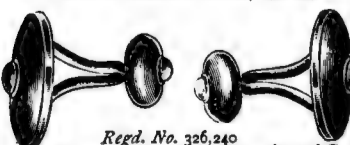


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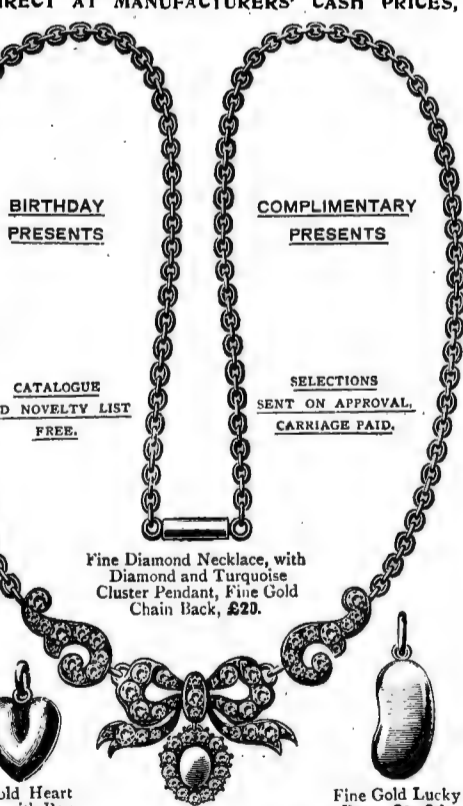


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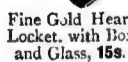


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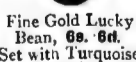


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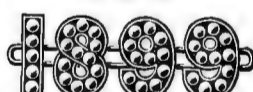
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Music

JEAN DE RESZKÉ'S LAST APPEARANCES

M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ was announced to make on Wednesday this week his last appearance at the Opera this season in the rôle of Tristan. On Saturday he played Lohengrin for the last time, and was associated with what was called a "combination" cast, although a few years ago it would not have been considered at all phenomenal. Indeed, its chief feature was, beyond all question, the impersonation of the Knight of the Swan by M. Jean de Reszké himself. The Polish tenor had entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and although at the outset conserving his voice to a certain extent, he at any rate sang in the wedding scene, and in the last act, with all his old charm of vocalisation and manner. Another interesting impersonation was the Ortrud of Madame Lilli Lehmann. The music lies a little too low for her voice, for it was written for a mezzo-soprano, a fact which the late Teresa Titiens herself found out when, more than twenty years ago, she played the rôle at Drury Lane. Although, therefore, Madame Lehmann's low notes were occasionally drowned by a rather obstreperous band, yet she acted the part better than it has been played for years, her facial expression particularly being wonderfully varied and effective. Mr. Bispham was again the Telramund, while Madame Nordica, who, however, was not in very good voice, was Elsa, M. Edouard de Reszké resuming his old part of King Henry. Towards the end of this week it is understood that M. Jean de Reszké will pass through Paris on his way to his native Poland, where, after an exhausting American tour and London season, during which he has sung some trying Wagnerian parts, he has earned a rest. His subsequent movements are not yet settled. M. Jean has indeed not even yet decided whether he will go to America again next winter.

"DON GIOVANNI," "HERO AND LEANDER"

Madame Nordica was unable to appear in her old part of Donna Elvira on Monday, the music accordingly being entrusted to Mme. Suzanne Adams. There was also another Don, namely, M. Renaud, who gained great success in this country a year or two ago, and now replaced Signor Scotti. M. Renaud is a polished exponent of the Don, and it is almost a pity he had not again as his Leporello M. Figuère, who played it at Covent Garden a year or two since. Leporello instead fell to M. Edouard de Reszké, who, of course, sings the music magnificently, but is more at home in serious parts than in comedy. Madame Lilli Lehmann was again a fine exponent of Donna Anna. On Tuesday Mancinelli's *Hero and Leander* was announced. It was, it may be recollected, produced as a Cantata at the Norwich Festival three years ago, and last year it was mounted as an opera at Covent Garden. Both story and music are rather too long spun out for a whole evening's entertainment, and the revival of the opera was indeed practically a compliment to the composer, who is now senior conductor at Covent Garden. Last year Madame Eames played the heroine, but the rôle now fell to Mlle. Strakosch, while M. Saléza resumed the character of Leander, and M. Plancon added another to his already imposing gallery of operatic priests.

"NORMA"

Norma and *Les Huguenots* have also been added to the Covent Garden repertory. *Norma* has latterly been considered as an

opera quite out of date, and indeed the spectacle of a Druidess, surrounded by ancient Britons and Roman soldiers (some of them by the way, clad in Greek uniforms) preceded and accompanied by a brass band, in much the same way as the agitators in Hyde Park, is inexpressibly amusing to the present generation of opera-goers. Sixty-seven years ago, when *Norma* was first produced, the stage band was considered a marvellous novelty. The music of *Norma* suffers a great deal from its bald and inconsequential orchestration, a fact which was recognised long since; but both Wagner and Bizet, though pressed to re-score the work, declined to do so, on the ground that the touching up of a melodic opera of this sort could hardly avoid being a failure. Indeed, *Norma*, as to its music, has little more than its abundant melody to recommend it, although, as a drama, the libretto, which is based upon an old French play, is powerful enough. The work was, of course, revived mainly for the sake of Madame Lilli Lehmann, who is following in the Titiens footsteps, although she certainly has not the deep tragic power of that great *prima donna*. Madame Lehmann, however, gained a genuine effect by singing "Casta Diva" almost *solito voce*, whereas in the concert room it is now, as a rule, given with the full strength of lungs. Indeed, her reading of this famous air, and that of Madame Patti at a recent Albert Hall concert, afforded many points of contrast and interest. Madame Giulia Ravogli, as Adalgisa, was out of voice.

Next Monday Madame Calvé, who is already in London, is expected to make her *reentrée* in her famous part of Carmen. Also M. Alvarez will be here in a day or two to take the principal tenor parts which M. Jean has just vacated. The next important production, however, will probably be Puccini's *La Bohème*, which will be given during the first week of July. Also Mr. Isidore De Lara's *Messalina* is in active rehearsal. Signor Leoncavallo will be here during the first week of July in order to conduct the performance of his *Pagliacci* before the Queen at Windsor Castle, probably on the 10th or 13th prox. On that occasion we understand Madame Melba will play her old part of Nedda, this being her first appearance in opera before Her Majesty.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Concerts have again been numerous, although one by one the serial performances of the season are closing. At the last Philharmonic Concert Herr Rosenthal made his first, and down to date his only, appearance this season, playing Chopin's Concerto in E minor, and pleasing his audience even still better in a Transcription by Liszt, a wonderful piece of display. Herr Richard Strauss likewise now made his only appearance this season, again conducting his extraordinary piece, entitled *Tod und Verklärung*, a musical delineation of the fleeting thoughts of a dying man.

M. Ysaye likewise gave his last concert on Saturday, creating an enormous impression by a wonderful performance of Lalo's Concerto in F minor, and likewise producing a new "Poème" by M. Chausson, the gifted amateur who met with so tragic a death by a bicycle accident on the previous Sunday. The "Poème" is not a great piece of work, and, indeed, its sombreness is against it. But M. Ysaye played it very finely, and not without emotion. Mr. Wood has likewise given a Tchaikowsky and a Wagnerian Concert, while the orchestral concerts of the week have also included performances by the students of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music. Dr. Richter on Monday devoted his concert very largely to works new to his subscribers, amongst others a set of Variations on an original theme, whimsically described as "Enigma" by Mr. Edward Elgar.

Four Natural History Volumes

MR. BOWDLER SHARPE's name stands so high that any book of birds which bears it is certain to be valuable and thorough. Of the volumes now before us he is responsible for two, namely, a "Sketch-Book of British Birds" (S.P.C.K.), and "Wonders of the Bird World" (Gardner, Darton and Co.). The first is chiefly interesting for the fact that it contains reference to every bird which has the faintest claim to be considered British, and also for its admirably arranged and classified list. Mr. Sharpe is something of a revolutionist in the matter of nomenclature, but he always has excellent reasons for his changes, and has tried valiantly to infuse method into the once rather jumbled classification of our avifauna. If at first one hardly recognises a few old familiar friends under their new appellations, the reason for the change is soon appreciated. The chief characteristics of each species are succinctly given, and each is illustrated in colours. These illustrations, however, while they add very greatly to the attractive appearance of the volume, leave something to be desired. But if not very good they are still not very bad. Possibly it is that we have been spoiled by the admirable colour work in books by the late Mr. Seebohm and others. The second book, "Wonders of the Bird World," contains the substance of Mr. Sharpe's lectures on curious aspects of bird life given in many parts of the country during the past ten years. Mr. Sharpe has always been a delightful lecturer, and many will be glad to renew acquaintance with these lectures, which from the fact that they were given extemporaneously ran the risk of being wholly lost. They deal with out-of-the-way manners and customs of birds in every part of the world, and have the advantage now of a series of illustrations by Mr. A. T. Elwes, some of which are very charming. It is with great regret that one learns that Mr. Sharpe, on medical advice, is precluded from further lecturing, but so long as he gives us fragments from his wonderful stores of knowledge in this form perhaps one need not grumble. "Notes on Cage Birds," second series, edited by W. T. Green (L. Upcott Gill), is a further instalment of practical hints on the management of British and foreign cage birds, hybrids and canaries. It contains a consensus of opinions formed after considerable experience, and those who indulge in aviaries, large or small, will find it both valuable and interesting. In "True Tales of the Insects" (Chapman and Hall), Mr. L. W. Badenoch treats the insect world much in the same manner as Mr. Bowdler Sharpe deals with birds in the volume above mentioned. The title is a trifle misleading, and one opens the book fearing to find it one of those inaccurate books called popular natural history, but Mr. Badenoch has a very thorough knowledge of his subject, and his sketches of curiosities of insect life are always interesting. This is not to say that he does not at times stray into legends and symbolism, but it is not often enough to seriously matter. Such sentences as this, for example, apart from the idea being hackneyed, are rather awe inspiring:—

"Than the butterfly the world offers no illustration of the soul more striking, for it bursts in beauty on the wing from a dull, lowly chrysalis, its previous death-like stage, a lovely image of the soul, freed and purified from material things."

It would be curious, by the way, to know who started this pretty butterfly allegory, because, if analysed, it is singularly unfortunate. No one denies the beauty of the butterfly, but when it rises from the chrysalis its eternity is a brief day or two or week or two, and so far from being freed and purified from material things, its time is spent in a shameless round of nectar drinking and love making. On the whole the chaste chrysalis or the lowly grub is more entitled to respect. The illustrations, by Margaret Badenoch, are careful and good.

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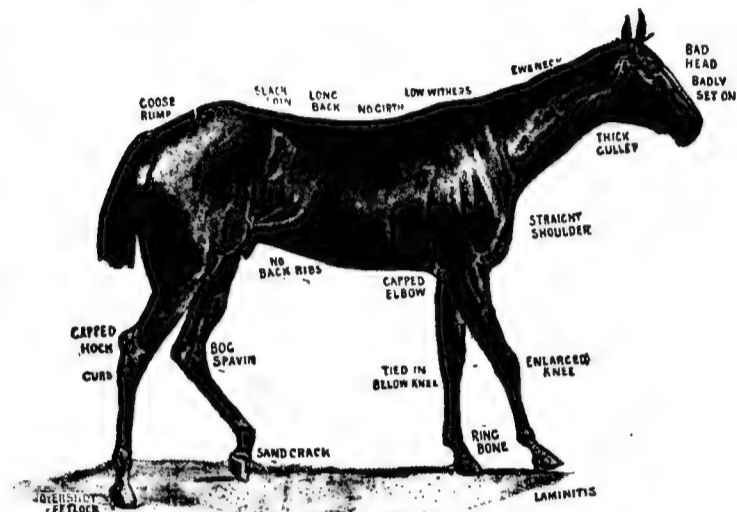
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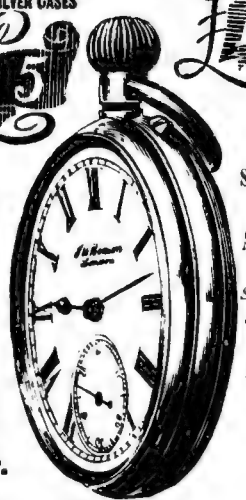
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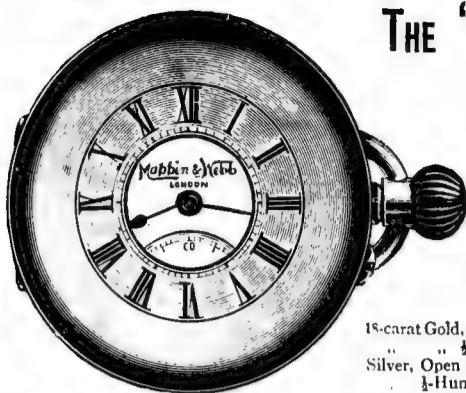
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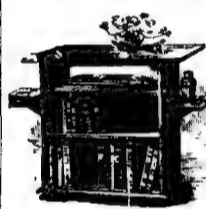
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Books of Reference

UNDER the title "The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence" (Spottiswoode and Co.) the seventeenth volume of the series known as "Burdett's Official Intelligence" is published under the editorship of the Secretary of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange. In it is to be found information regarding British, American and foreign securities. There are chapters devoted to National Debts of the world, to Indian Finance, Municipal and County Finance, Financial Statistics of China, and other matters of interest.—A new book of reference, and one that should prove valuable, is "Morrison's Chronicle of the Year's News, 1898" (Morrison Bros.), compiled by Oliphant Earl. The volume is intended not only to furnish a full index to the events and intelligence of the year, but to afford an epitome

of permanent value in itself. Under each day in the year are chronicled the important events of the world that happened on that day. To assist in the work of reference, an ample index is provided. No doubt the book will meet with a hearty reception as a useful addition to the reference library.—In the midst of what is called the Crisis in the Church it is well to find a book, free from controversy, which will tell us of the work that is being done by the Church, and this is what "Official Yearbook of the Church of England" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) does. The volume, which is issued under the sanction of the Archbishops and Bishops, states that the total voluntary offerings of the Church for the year ending Easter, 1898, amounted to 7,506,454/ 17s. 9d., but this sum does not represent the full measure of the Church's voluntary effort, as no account is taken of contributions to societies, besides which, two per cent. of the clergy did not communicate their returns. A study of the book will show that

the Church is doing a noble work, thus making the best of answers to her critics.—"The Annual Charities Register and Digest" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is a classified register of charities in or available for the metropolis, which is prefaced by a valuable introduction of nearly 200 pages by C. S. Loch, the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society. Those who have money to give would do well to read his introduction, and so avoid the evil done by giving to unworthy institutions. The article also discusses the means for the prevention and relief of distress, and the improvement of the condition of the poor.

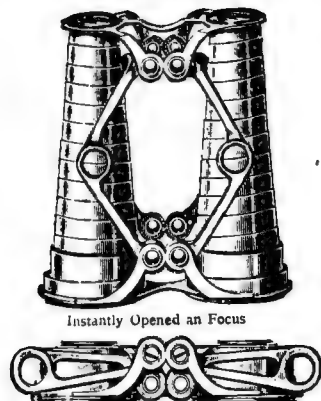
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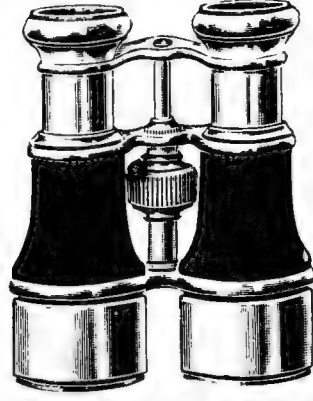
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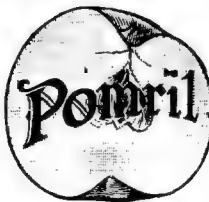
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. IS NOT a dye. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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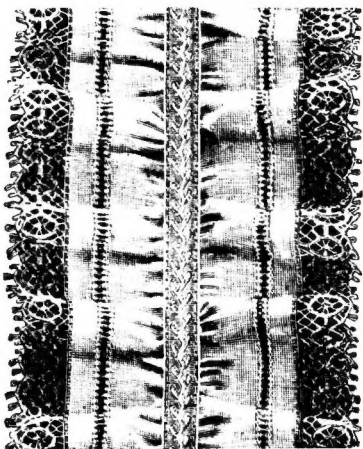
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FOR LADIES' SHIRTS,
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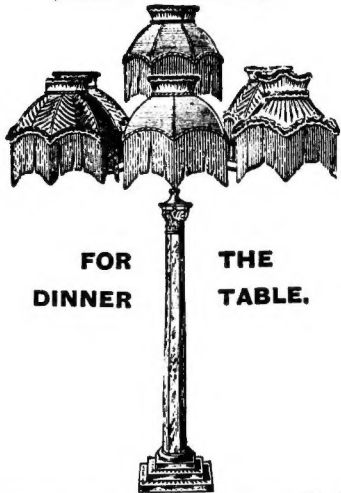
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A SHOW ROOM at 132, REGENT STREET, W., has
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N.B.—These Lamps can be OBTAINED ONLY at the
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Legal proceedings will be taken against any dealer
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Illustrated Price Lists
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A Disordered Liver.

That yellow look and Billous Headache
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and likewise all such ills as: Dyspepsia,
Indigestion, Dizziness, Flashes of Heat,
Nausea, Drowsiness, Acid Eructations, Bad
Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Black
Specks floating before the Eyes, Pains in
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Loss of Appetite, Furred Tongue, and
Muddy Complexion.

A mere purgative is insufficient and of
temporary assistance only. The Liver must
be "touched." Carter's Little Liver Pills
act directly upon the Liver. Carter's Little
Liver Pills regulate the secretion of bile.
They do not gripe.

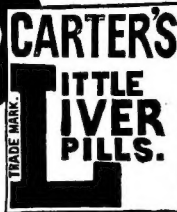
A normal Liver means a bright eye, clear
complexion, good appetite and digestion,
strong nerves, energy, and a light heart—in
a word, HEALTH.

Take care of your health; the
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by a little forethought.

Remember at bedtime—Carter's
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all chemists, BUT BE SURE THEY
ARE CARTER'S.)

**They "Touch"
the Liver.**

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



Holders of Twenty-Two Special Royal and Imperial Warrants of Appointment.

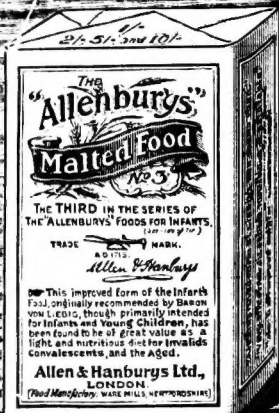
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PURE WOOL—WEAR-RESISTING—PERMANENT DYE.

For Ladies, 1s. 1½d. to 8s. 6d. per yard. **Extra Strong**, for Boys' Wear, 31-in., 2s. 3d. per yard. 1' for
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Patterns with E.B.'s IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS, CYCLING TWEEDS, HOMESPUN, &c., post free.

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"Infants fed on this Food are neither fussy nor wakeful"



THE "Allenburys' Foods"

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The "Allenburys' Milk Food No 1
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specialy adapted to the first three
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months of life.
hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURY'S MALTED FOOD," is adapted to,
and has proved all that can be desired for Infants after five or six months
of age.

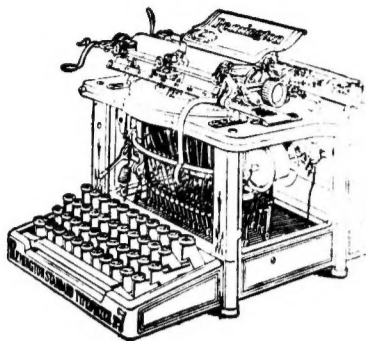
Complete Foods,
STERILIZED, and
needing the addition
of hot water only.

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It is **Courteous and Considerate** to use a typewriter, for though good handwriting is good, the best handwriting is not so clear as typewriting.
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It is because it embodies these good qualities in unique combination that the REMINGTON has maintained and increased its lead.



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STRONG BLACK AND BRASS FRENCH BEDSTEAD AND BEDDING, complete with double w. steel mattress, good w. of mattress in stripes, bolster and feather pillows complete. 6 ft. 6 in.

3 ft. wide ... 31 6 | 4 ft. wide ... 41 6
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SOOTHING SYRUP
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THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 24, 1899

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